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THE CUBAN QUESTION.

A PREFERENCE for the excitement of foreign complications over domestic politics is not peculiar to the people of the United States. The reaction against the Republican party in several of the States, the conviction of TWEED for fraud, and even the financial crisis, have almost ceased to attract public attention after the execution of the prisoners taken on board the *Virginus*. As several of the victims were English subjects, the American Government has no exclusive right of remonstrance; but it will probably be found that the vessel was legally entitled to the protection of the United States. In such cases public interest is stimulated by neighbourhood; and an active section of American politicians has for some years past urged upon the Government interference in the affairs of Cuba. The facts of the capture are not yet accurately known; but it seems probable that the conduct of the Spanish authorities will be found wholly inexcusable. The pursuit of the *Virginus* by the *Tornado* appears to have commenced on the high seas, and the capture was effected beyond the limit of English jurisdiction in Jamaica. If the *Virginus* was in the service of the insurgents of Cuba, it may perhaps be contended that foreign Powers have no right to interfere with the consequences of an act of hostility which was an incident in an irregular civil war; but the Americans cannot be expected to allow an excuse which the English Government is precluded from entertaining by the conduct of its own servants. The *Virginus* sailed from the port of Kingston with a regular clearance from the Custom House officers, who had ascertained by inspection the character of the vessel and the nature of the cargo. International law still recognizes the lawfulness of a trade in warlike munitions, especially during the technical continuance of peace. It was perfectly known at Kingston that the ship conveyed supplies and reinforcements to the rebels in Cuba; but the flag and papers could not have been those of an insurrection which has no recognized existence. If there had been a blockade of the coast of Cuba, the *Virginus* would only have been liable to forfeiture, and her crew to temporary detention. As no blockade had been proclaimed, not even a right of capture had arisen, except indeed on the fictitious pretext that the vessel was a pirate. As there was no concealment of the object of the voyage, the Custom House officers of Kingston must, on the Spanish assumption, have been accessories to the crime of piracy. It would be intolerable that a mere abuse of language should be allowed to serve as an excuse for a judicial murder. It is useless to taunt the Government of the United States with the shameless extravagances of doctrine which were propounded by authority during the Civil War. It seems that in one case the counsel for the Government insisted that the trade of a neutral with a belligerent was an act of hostility to the other party in the war; but the Courts never sanctioned any proposition of the kind, nor did the American Government either murder the crews of blockade-runners, or even treat them as prisoners of war.

If those of the rebel leaders who were Spanish subjects had been taken prisoners on the soil or in the waters of Cuba, foreign Powers could scarcely interfere with the bloodthirsty practices which are in Spain characteristically combined with the most squeamish aversion to the doctrine of capital punishment. Foreign sympathizers with the rebellion are morally more guilty than indigenous insurgents; and within the jurisdiction of the Government which they attack, they are liable to the legal consequences of treason; but when they are outside Spanish territory they are entitled to the protection of their Governments.

If the *Virginus* proves to be an American vessel, the Spanish Government will be responsible to the United States for the blood even of the Cubans who were executed. When Mr. SLIDELL and Mr. MASON were by a lawless abuse of superior force taken from an English packet, the only adequate satisfaction was afforded by the restoration of the captives to the protection of the English flag. If the Federal Government had been capable of the atrocity of putting its prisoners to death as traitors, such an outrage would certainly have been followed by a declaration of war. CESPEDES and his companions were, like SLIDELL and MASON, insurgents against a regular Government; but for the time they were under the protection of any flag to which the *Virginus* had a legal right. The majority of American journalists take a sound view of the question of international law, although some of them are excusably eager in urging their Government to premature action. The discussion between the American and the Spanish Governments will probably disclose little difference of opinion; and the demands of the United States, if they are correctly reported by the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, are eminently just and moderate. The surrender of the vessel and the surviving prisoners, an indemnity to the families of the American victims, and a salute to the American flag at Santiago, are claims which the Spanish Government might honourably concede. Señor CARTELAR will, however, be unable to afford the reparation which is specifically demanded. The military and naval commanders at Santiago thought it expedient to interrupt telegraphic communication with Havannah, in the reasonable apprehension that the CAPTAIN-GENERAL might prohibit the execution of the prisoners. The Spaniards in Cuba, or those who profess to represent their opinions, loudly applauded the vigour of the authorities at Santiago; and it is highly improbable that the authors of the outrage should be compelled to submit to the demands of the American Government. The appeals which have been made to the PRESIDENT'S sympathy with the Republican Government at Madrid are likely to obtain all the success which they deserve. Political orthodoxy or sectarian sympathy furnishes no excuse for the breach of international obligations.

The rashness of the dominant party in Cuba is more unaccountable than its ferocity. The Governor of Santiago and the Captain of the *Tornado* could not but know that an active party in the United States had long been seeking for an opportunity of interfering in the affairs of Cuba; and the leaning of the PRESIDENT to a policy of territorial aggrandizement has never been disguised. It must have been foreseen that the execution of the prisoners would cause extreme irritation in the United States; and the most infatuated believer in the power of Spain can scarcely think it possible to resist with effect an American claim for satisfaction or for an equivalent penalty. One consequence of the defiance which has been offered will probably be a demand for the immediate emancipation of the slaves; nor will the American Government trouble itself to stipulate for compensation to the owners. The Republican Congress in Spain may pass laws at its pleasure for the abolition of slavery, but it has no means of enforcing its decrees. If the Government of the United States once takes up the question in earnest, the slaveholders will be compelled to submit. The Volunteers might perhaps not strongly object to a declaration of the independence of Cuba, if only they were allowed to compete for the control of the new Republican Government; but with the emancipation of the slaves, their wealth, and even their interest in the affairs of Cuba, will disappear. The extinction of a selfish and tyrannical

power would not be a cause for regret if the community contained any element of good government. The Creoles who maintain the insurrection have probably suffered oppression; but in peace or in war they have never displayed the qualities which might enable them to form a civilized and flourishing State. The negroes are still lower in the scale of civilization than the emancipated slaves in the Southern States, because large numbers of them have been imported from Africa within the lifetime of the present generation. The result of American interference may perhaps be the establishment of some kind of protectorate which it would be impossible to define beforehand. At present either the independence or the annexation of Cuba seems likely to be attended with grave difficulties.

The English demand for redress may perhaps produce another form of embarrassment in deciding on the course which is to be followed if reasonable satisfaction is withheld. Hostile proceedings against Spain would be repugnant to the national feeling and policy; and there are strong objections to any mode of dealing directly with Cuba. It is true that England might with a better grace than the United States demand the emancipation of the slaves, of whom the majority have been brought into the island in violation of English treaties with Spain. Five-and-twenty years ago when Mr. CALHOUN urged the French and Spanish Governments to vindicate the cause of slavery against England, and fifteen years ago when Mr. BUCHANAN proposed the annexation of Cuba for the purpose of extending and strengthening Spanish institutions, England was engaged at a heavy cost of life and treasure in contending against the importation of slaves into Cuba. The dislike of the English nation to slavery has not since abated; but the inconvenience of interfering in the domestic affairs of foreigners is more justly appreciated than in former times; and, as England has no ambitious designs on Cuba, the revolution which might perhaps ensue on emancipation would be controlled by the action of the United States. Although it is seldom the fortune of England to escape calumny, it may be as well not to furnish censorious foreigners with a new proof of the profound and malignant sagacity of English statesmen. For many years after the emancipation of the West Indian negroes it was a commonplace that the sole English motive for abolition was to ruin commercial rivals by forcing them to adopt a similar policy. The probable destruction of the flourishing sugar trade of Cuba by the emancipation of the slaves may perhaps increase the demand for the produce of Mauritius and of Trinidad, and the consequence would be immediately converted by candid critics into the cause and object of English interference. The calumniators of England, belonging chiefly to the democratic faction, habitually spare the United States, even when they are not themselves Americans.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE CONSERVATIVES.

AFTER a week of rumours and counter-rumours, the Duke of BROGLIE has reconstructed his Cabinet with a larger infusion of new material than was originally looked for. The Duke himself becomes still more than formerly the leading influence in the Government. He exchanges the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the Ministry of the Interior, and for a long time to come the latter post will be by far the more important of the two. There is no reason to suppose that M. BEULÉ's policy will be in any way departed from. But though the writer of the Press circular had thoroughly mastered the principles of Conservative administration as they are understood by the Duke of BROGLIE, he had not been altogether happy in applying them; and where delicate handling is required, a Prime Minister may naturally prefer to be himself the author of the policy for which he must be responsible. So far as the other changes mean anything, they indicate an approximation on the part of the Cabinet to moderate ideas. Two members of the Right have been replaced by two members of the Right Centre, and the new Minister of Public Instruction belongs in name, though of late not in act, to the still more Liberal Left Centre. It is probable, however, that the fact that these gentlemen have accepted the offered places is more really significant than the fact that the places were offered. The Duke of BROGLIE's policy is sufficiently well known to bring popular suspicion on the constitutionalism of any politician who consents to enter his Cabinet. He may find reason hereafter for aban-

doning the reactionary policy which has lately been attributed to him; but if he does so, it will be in deference to considerations of more weight than the remonstrances of his new colleagues. The changes in the Cabinet may be valuable as marking the drift of the Duke's own mind, but they will not of themselves do much to modify his resolutions. The most encouraging feature in the political prospect is the array of Parliamentary obstacles that the Ministry are likely to encounter if they bring forward any questionable measures of importance. The division on M. LÉON SAY's interpellation showed that on a question of confidence in the Ministry, as distinct from confidence in the President, the Assembly contains a minority of 314 against a majority of 364. Twenty-four Bonapartists and nineteen members of the Left Centre abstained from voting, and men who would not support the Ministry on a question the interest of which had been so greatly lessened by the vote of the week before can hardly be counted on in the more exciting discussions which are to come. A majority of fifty, which may at any moment be reduced to one of seven without the defection of a single supporter, is not calculated to give a Minister any very great sense of strength.

The Constitutional laws promise to offer another difficulty. It is understood that the retirement of M. ERNOUL and M. DE LA BOUILLERIE implies a determination on the part of Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers not to connive at any Monarchical intrigues. The Conservatives of the Right Centre have apparently made up their minds that they must help themselves, instead of waiting for HENRY V. to help them, and their ideas will probably take the hitherto unknown shape of a reactionary Republic. A Constitution which should contain an Assembly purged of those grosser materials which have defiled it under the reign of universal suffrage, a Second Chamber organized so as to check any inadvertent relapse of the First Chamber into its old independence, and an Executive strong enough to set both Chambers at defiance, supposing that Conservative interests are held to require it, would satisfy their requirements notwithstanding that it retained the name of a Republic. But such a settlement as this would not at all suit the purposes of the Right. They still cling to a Restoration as the only expedient that can give permanent peace to France, and it is consequently far from being their object to make even a dictatorship strong enough to rival the Monarchy as a security for order and tranquillity. The Right and the Right Centre are agreed in repudiating a Republic in fact; but while the Right are equally resolved to repudiate even a Republic in name, the Right Centre think that the name may be tolerated provided that the thing can be moulded to their views. Whenever the Constitutional laws come on for discussion this difference of opinion can hardly be any longer concealed. If the probable defection of the Right from the Ministry is not made up by any fresh accessions from the Left Centre, the Duke of BROGLIE will be hard put to it to find his majority. It is to be feared, however, that the Ministry, foreseeing that constitution-making is likely to prove a dangerous employment, may try to unite their supporters on a preliminary question of such moment that even the Constitutional laws will be of minor consequence by its side. Will any considerable number of the Left Centre join the Government in an attack upon universal suffrage? The cohesion of the party is so slight that it is quite possible that the leaders may not have power to prevent a large section of their followers from joining the Duke of BROGLIE on such a point as this. As yet the apparent progress of Republican opinion in the most Conservative districts of France seems to have exerted no influence upon the Conservative party in the Assembly. They cannot be brought to believe in the genuineness of the preference for a Republic shown by one constituency after another, but explain it by theories of Conservative inaction or of Radical zeal. They will not admit that the peasantry, the true strength of French Conservatism, can be so untrue to their past history as to wish to see the Republic permanently set up in France. Certainly the action of the peasantry under the Empire may be instanced as an argument against the sentiment evidenced by their recent votes. NAPOLEON III. found that his chief strength lay in appealing to their dread of that very form of government which they now seem anxious to see adopted, and the Conservatives in the Assembly find it hard to understand how they can have changed so completely in so short a time.

Yet the considerations by which the peasantry have probably been influenced are not of a very recondite order. In

the first place, their experience of the Government of National Defence showed them that a Republican Government could be both strong and national. Whatever faults may be attributed to M. GAMBETTA, want of energy is not one of them; and the manner in which he came to the front when so many others were ready to despair appealed strongly to French patriotism, and relieved the Republic of that reputation for excessive cosmopolitanism with which its association with Republicans in other countries had rather tended to invest it. Again, M. GAMBETTA's rule convinced the peasantry that the Republic could defend as well as attack them; that it could have other purposes in view than confiscation of property or destruction of churches; that, instead of proscribing its opponents, it could summon them to take part in the common work of resisting invasion. All this might have been forgotten if M. THIERS had not succeeded to power. But after the experience of 1871, it is of little avail to preach to the peasantry that only the dictatorship of Marshal MACMAHON can protect them against the Radicals. The very persons who tell them this have also told them that the worst and most dangerous outburst of Radicalism which France has ever known was the Commune, and the Commune was put down by M. THIERS. What the Republic has done once, and done more thoroughly than any preceding Government, the Republic may be trusted, if necessary, to do again. Further, M. THIERS's name is connected with an immense financial success. The indemnity has been paid off as if by magic, and though the taxation which will be needed in consequence must tell heavily on the peasantry hereafter, it does not seem to have been much felt by them as yet. In this way the Republic has been proved to possess a particular kind of strength to which the peasantry attach very great value, and in which they had always supposed it to be wanting. In the third place, the peasantry have come to understand that the choice which France has to make is the choice between the Republic and Legitimate Monarchy, and for Legitimate Monarchy they have a special and intelligible dislike. Rightly or wrongly, they set extraordinary value on the law of succession to land. They feel that the actual subdivision of property would have but a small chance of continuing if this law were altered. They know further that the wealthy nobility dislike this law intensely, that they are always doing their best to set it aside by family arrangements, and that in this way they have already succeeded in getting together very considerable estates in various parts of France. It is these very nobles whom a Restoration would carry to the head of affairs, and what the peasantry probably ask themselves, can be more natural than that, when they are once in power, they should procure the abolition of a law which hampers them in making eldest sons? The Legitimist aristocracy have ceased to be personally unpopular in the districts in which they live, because they have become completely dissociated from government. They are richer than the peasantry around them, but they have no larger share of political power. But the hatred which the peasantry bore to their grandfathers might possibly revive if they became members of an hereditary Chamber or the immediate advisers of a King. If the Right Centre could take in this change in the views of the peasantry, they would probably be wise enough to see how rich in Conservative elements a Republic resting on the peasantry would certainly be.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE GOVERNMENT.

AT the close of his visit to Glasgow Mr. DISRAELI gave himself and his hearers a day of pure entertainment after the fulfilment of the more arduous and sober task of moralizing on the lives of Scotch lads, and dilating on disturbances of prices. He had prepared a perfect battery of epigrams against Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry, and he let them off with the keenest relish and to the great amusement of those who listened to him. He was nominally addressing a Conservative Association, but he said that he could have wished to have quitted Glasgow without saying anything to offend any one in the town; and he succeeded in his object, for Liberals must be very thin-skinned indeed if they felt hurt at what he said. He set himself to justify the language of his famous Bath letter, and to show that the career of the Ministry had been one long course of blundering and plundering. The

Ministry have made blunders so numerous and gross that outside official circles there is nothing for Liberals to do except to own that clever men are often very silly. No epigrams on the COLLIER appointment or the Zanzibar Contract can go beyond the mark, and a political opponent is entitled to make his epigrams on them as strong as he can. Mr. DISRAELI had also a fair triumph in digging up the memory of an unfortunate speech made by Mr. LOWE in opposition to the Abyssinian war, and nothing could have been more ingenious than the speaker's reference to the pink fly which Mr. LOWE prophesied would extirpate the English army. It is a conspicuous instance of the difference which office makes that the Abyssinian alarmist should now be sitting in a Cabinet conducting a war of almost a precisely similar character; and when the reference to the fly was followed by a remark that Mr. LOWE seemed inclined to vituperate the insects of Abyssinia as if they were British workmen, the highest pitch was reached in that style of abuse which consists in making the errors of an adversary flash on the minds of an audience. The list of instances in which, according to Mr. DISRAELI, the Ministry has harassed trades and professions was somewhat overcharged; but it cannot be denied that the Ministry has not only been occasionally rash in making changes, but has been still more rash in suggesting changes from whim or caprice, and without any attempt to consult public opinion, and then withdrawing them in such a manner as to leave unabated the irritation and alarm of those whose interests were threatened. Mr. LOWE has been a great offender in this way, and he has repeatedly spoken as if every class of taxpayers were his conquered enemies on whom he felt at liberty to levy any form of tribute he could devise. But then, after all this is admitted, Liberals who have agreed with Mr. DISRAELI and enjoyed his smart sayings are obliged to ask themselves what is to be done. There must be some Ministry in power, and if the existing Ministry cannot be replaced with advantage to the country, there remains nothing but the hope or expectation that the free criticisms of friends and opponents will do the existing Ministry good. It is only fair to the Ministry, and especially to Mr. GLADSTONE, to acknowledge that there are many signs of criticism having produced this salutary effect. Mr. GLADSTONE himself passed through last Session without giving any cause to complain of that air of dictatorship which used to characterize him. He has lately made appointments solely on the ground of public usefulness, and at some cost to his own prejudices or feelings. He has shelved Mr. AYRTON, he has removed Mr. LOWE from an office which betrayed him into perpetual errors, he has sent Mr. BRUCE to the quiet seclusion of the Peers. He has in effect acknowledged the blunders of himself and his colleagues, and undertaken to do his best to avoid a repetition of them. This must have been painful to him in many ways; but in doing it he has done the best for himself and the country, and he deserves to have credit given him for having shown more sense and patriotism than those who judged him by his conduct during the first four years of his Premiership had much reason to expect.

Mr. DISRAELI, however, not only attacked the Ministry on points where Liberals think the Ministry wrong, but on points where Liberals without exception think the Ministry right. Yet nothing that Mr. DISRAELI can say on these subjects can offend Liberals seriously, or damage the Ministry in the slightest degree. The Irish Bills of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet were not the Bills of the Ministry, but of the whole party; and, so far as a nation speaks by an overwhelming Parliamentary majority, of the nation. It is idle to fight over again the battle of Disestablishment and Tenant-right. But it may be conceded that Mr. GLADSTONE specially and personally did some harm by choosing to rest his defence of these measures on the general policy that Ireland should be ruled according to Irish ideas. There is a sense in which this doctrine is quite consistent with the maintenance of a sound Imperial policy. Mr. GLADSTONE's unguarded language may probably have done somewhat to encourage Irishmen in the notion that they were entitled to be governed according to their ideas, whether those ideas were right or wrong, wise or foolish. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE, had he been more cautious, would not have carried his Bills amidst so much enthusiasm and with such ease; but his want of caution has probably had something to do with the Home Rule movement. But then, if we look not so much at Mr. GLADSTONE's language as at the Acts themselves, the argument may be turned the other way, and we may ask

whether Home Rule would not have been a much more serious thing to deal with if the Irish Church were still established, and the petty tenantry of Ireland were still discontented. As it is, the Home Rule movement has, at least for the time, collapsed. The Irish will not commit themselves to it. They see that they gain by their connexion with England, and England feels entitled to insist that, if the connexion is to be maintained at all, Imperial policy shall prevail in Ireland as in the other parts of the United Kingdom. But there would have been no common consent of Englishmen to uphold this cardinal maxim unless the stumbling-block of the Establishment had been removed. If it is Mr. GLADSTONE'S language that has made the Home Rule movement begin, it is his measures that have made it wither away. Mr. DISRAELI, as usual, indulged in exaggerated language, and shook the rod of vague terror over an audience he wished to startle. He described Ireland as in a state of rebellion, covered under a very thin veil. Where are the signs to be seen of anything of the sort? Mr. DISRAELI speaks of Ireland as the present French Ministers speak of France. They love to describe themselves and every one else as living perpetually on the brink of anarchy and ruin; but as soon as any serious effort is made to govern firmly and fairly, it is found that those who practically determine the destinies of the country are very ready to submit quietly. As to the future, Mr. DISRAELI is in the highest degree mysterious and terrifying. He delights in painting impending horrors, and he seems to wish his Glasgow hearers to believe that they would shortly have to choose at the sword's point between a Red Republic and an Ultramontane despotism. They need not make themselves particularly uneasy. The way to combat anarchical forces is to show that we are not afraid of them. The Imperial policy of England is to repress vigilantly and quietly, but with the utmost determination, both Red Republicans and Ultramontanes; and as ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred are resolved to uphold this policy, they may rely on effecting their object. The very thing that Ultramontanes, and perhaps Red Republicans—although we hear so little of the latter here that we know nothing about them—most desire, is to inspire the belief that they are possessed of a mysterious, awful, and secret power, and that a sort of battle of Armageddon may be expected to begin at any moment. This is an advantage which Mr. DISRAELI is far too ready to concede to them. It is only necessary to look the Ultramontanes in the face, and they will be found to be not such very terrible beings after all.

On one subject, however, we must allow that Mr. DISRAELI spoke with great good sense and sagacity, and has rendered the Ministry and the Liberal party a real service by the mode in which he handled it. He touched on the project for extending the householder franchise to the counties, and he pointed out two consequences of a Liberal Ministry taking up the subject at the present time which deserve serious notice. In the first place, he appealed to the history of the fifteen years which preceded the Reform Bill of 1867, to show that when once Parliament touches the question of Reform it cannot work heartily at anything else. The gift of a vote to the agricultural labourer must be an immense national gain if, in order to secure it, it is worth while to make the next Parliament useless for any other purpose. In the next place, Mr. DISRAELI pointed out what enthusiastic young Liberals appear to forget, or to pass over as not worthy of attention, that the representation of boroughs of moderate size must pass away altogether if the constituencies receive any wholesale enlargement. Mr. DISRAELI objects to this, and he may honestly claim to say that, in objecting to it, he is not influenced by party motives. The smaller boroughs are on the whole Liberal, whereas, if these boroughs were swamped in a new county division, the influence of Conservative landowners would be sure to make itself more felt than it is now. Liberals at least need not be so Quixotic as to wish to reduce the strength of their own party; but even if they chose to be generous or weak enough to be indifferent to the party consequences of the change, they ought to show that they have duly considered the great detriment which the abolition of the special representation of boroughs of moderate size would be to the character of the House of Commons, and to the interest of the nation generally in political matters. It is not too much to ask that there should be some places left for which a candidate of moderate means may stand, and in which a voter has the amusement of thinking that it will

make a difference which way he votes. Of course Mr. DISRAELI did not venture, nor would any leader of any party venture, to insist on the fundamental objection to the extension of the county franchise, that until education has spread a little further the agricultural labourer is totally unfit to vote. As every statesman expects that the agricultural labourer will soon get a vote, every statesman wishes that the new voter should think the party to which the statesman belongs is composed of the labourer's real friends and admirers. Mr. DISRAELI confined himself to subsidiary objections; but although these objections are subsidiary, they are of a kind which commend themselves to the notice of Liberals quite as much as to that of Conservatives, and the Liberals of Glasgow, far from being offended at the Conservative leader for making them, ought to be very much obliged to him.

THE ARBITRATION CROTCHET TESTED.

THE Italian Parliament has, on the motion of Signor MANCINI, approved by a unanimous vote the principle of arbitration. Mr. RICHARD, who was present among the audience, may perhaps have induced the mover to propose a resolution which the English House of Commons had not been ashamed to adopt. If philanthropists take pleasure in committing representative assemblies to barren and ridiculous propositions, the Peace party may be congratulated on another verbal triumph. It would be interesting to learn whether the majority either at Westminster or at Rome had inquired whether arbitration would be applicable to any of the disputes which now disturb or endanger peace in any quarter of the world. Even Mr. RICHARD would scarcely maintain that the troubles on the Gold Coast could be settled by a reference and an award; but it might perhaps be contended that civilized nations should avoid the risk of quarrelling with savages by withdrawing from an intercourse which is likely to be interrupted by misunderstandings. Some similar excuse might perhaps explain away the obvious inutility of any attempt which might have been made to refer the differences between Russia and Khiva to arbitration; but the advocates of the newfangled contrivance will find that it is equally worthless as a remedy for the differences which arise between civilized Powers. The English Government will perhaps acquiesce without serious protest in the political rebuff which it has received by the recent publication of the treaty which reduces Khiva to the condition of a Russian province; but if it were thought expedient to resent a direct breach of faith, no remonstrance would produce the slightest effect unless it were backed by a display of force. The Emperor of Russia would assuredly not allow any arbitrator to decide whether he should restore the independence of which the Khan of KHIVA has been deprived; nor could an award, however solemn, be more binding than the voluntary engagement of last winter which has now been cynically disregarded. When States are not disposed to maintain their alleged rights or supposed interests by force of arms, arbitration is not necessary for the maintenance of peace; and the comparison of forces is not within the competence of an arbitrator. In minor disputes, as in the determination of the San Juan boundary, or in cases such as that of the Washington Treaty, where one of two disputants desires to cover his submission to the demands of an adversary, arbitration is practicable, and it is not a novelty.

The Khiva misadventure may convey a lesson to diplomatists, as well as a constructive reproof to philanthropic projectors. The announcement that the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg had been instructed to oppose the conquest of Khiva caused natural surprise, though the measure appeared afterwards to be in some sort justified by the mission of Count SCHUVALOFF to England. The professed anxiety of the Emperor ALEXANDER to reassure the English Government involved an acknowledgment of the right to remonstrate; and the explanations and promises which were voluntarily tendered purported to remove a feeling of alarm which was tacitly assumed to have been reasonable. Lord GRANVILLE properly accepted the personal assurances of the EMPEROR as not less valid than formal diplomatic pledges; and he may be well convinced that the most formal treaty would not have been more binding on Russia than Count SCHUVALOFF'S unofficial declarations. The Imperial Government had, only two years before, deliberately repudiated the obligations of a treaty to which all the great Powers of

Europe were parties; and England and Turkey were forced to submit, or to adopt the alternative of treating the breach of treaty as a case of war. The Emperor ALEXANDER assured the English Minister that he had no intention of annexing Khiva, and that the Russian troops would return as soon as they had obtained satisfaction. The EMPEROR'S Lieutenant in Central Asia has now annexed that part of Khiva which lies on the right bank of the Oxus; and he has asserted the right of occupying any part of the left bank which may be required for Russian purposes. The KHAN is forced to declare himself the servant of the EMPEROR, to renounce the right of war and peace, and to exclude from his remaining dominions all commerce except that of Russia, and all foreigners who may not be provided with Russian passports. In every respect Khiva is now a province of the Russian Empire; and if the prospective annexation was objectionable to England, the right of threatening war or arbitration must now have revived. The publication of the treaty is evidently intended as a defiance of England, and it perhaps implies a sneer at the simple credulity which accepted Count SCHUVALOFF'S assurances. The professed understanding as to the border-line which was to separate Afghanistan from the Russian dependencies will of course be in the same manner disregarded when it may suit the convenience of Russia to meddle with Afghan affairs. The injudicious timidity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S attempt to explain away the obligation incurred by England may perhaps hereafter furnish an excuse for a breach of the understanding by Russia; but it is not known that Mr. GLADSTONE'S imprudent language provoked any protest. The Russian newspapers which took the opportunity of declaring that the engagement was no longer binding had previously announced that the EMPEROR had not made a promise, although he had announced his intentions for the moment.

It would probably have been judicious to offer no ostensible opposition to the acquisition of Khiva by Russia, not because the extension of the Empire was acceptable to England, but because there was no sufficient motive for interference, and still more because there was no facility for resistance. The consolidation of Russian supremacy in Central Asia is not in itself unjustifiable, although it involves ultimate danger to India. Khiva is out of reach; and the English nation is not prepared to engage in a war with Russia on a remote and scarcely intelligible issue. The conquest and annexation of the territory would not have been an affront to England if it had not been effected in violation of an express and recent promise. The country lies far within the outer range of the Russian dominion, and it is distant from the frontier of India. As a general rule, diplomatists ought to demand nothing which cannot in the last resort be enforced. Even a Geneva arbitrator could return only one verdict if he were asked whether the annexation of Khiva was consistent with Count SCHUVALOFF'S promises; but the most conscientious tribunal might hesitate to decide that the suppression of the independence of a petty and barbarous State was in itself undesirable. In dealing with Russia, English statesmen may henceforth prudently decline both regular treaties and informal understandings. Unlimited license of disregarding national engagements offers much discouragement to friendly negotiation.

Signor MANCINI and Mr. RICHARD may easily find other cases by which they may test the utility and efficiency of arbitration. It might have been supposed that even sentimental theorists could have scarcely thought it possible that the American Government should refer to arbitration its right of demanding satisfaction for the Santiago executions, and even now Spain would not allow any tribunal to dictate the surrender of Cuba. It seems that Señor CASTELAR did propose arbitration, but it was summarily and properly rejected by the American Government. The Italian Parliament may find near home a still more crucial instance. The Archbishop of PARIS lately expressed the opinion of the clerical and Legitimist factions of France in his demand that the French Government should restore by force the temporal power of the POPE; and it is well known that the same policy would have been pursued by M. THIERS if he had not been restrained by reasons of convenience and expediency which are below the notice of Legitimacy and of orthodoxy. If the French were at liberty to invade Italy, their claims on behalf of the POPE would probably not be confined to the restoration of his sovereignty in Rome itself and the adjacent district. The Legations also are

part of the inheritance of St. PETER; and the Italian Government might be summoned to disgorge all its sacrilegious acquisitions. It is scarcely probable that the leaders of the crusade would propose to refer the question of the dismemberment of the Italian kingdom to arbitration; but it might be still more confidently asserted that an Italian Minister who accepted such a proposal would be justly and unanimously denounced as a traitor. The indiscriminate approval of the system of arbitration is founded on the assumption that national honour and independence and the integrity of the territory are questions to be determined, as often as a dispute arises, by the judgment of an impartial tribunal. It is difficult to say whether it is more idle to appeal to an unjust aggressor or to a defender of assailed national rights to submit their respective pretensions to the decision of a stranger. The cases in which wars are waged on doubtful issues on which a real difference of opinion can arise are comparatively few; and when both parties are, as in the American Civil War, to a certain extent in the right, the passions aroused by the struggle are commonly too earnest to allow of any solution except by a conflict of force. When Russia, the United States, and Italy are respectively prepared to refer to arbitration the occupation of Khiva, the Santiago outrage, and the possession of Rome, the vote of the Italian Assembly will deserve a certain amount of practical respect. In the meantime the constituents of the English House of Commons are unfortunately not in a position to censure even the least wise proceeding of a foreign Legislative body.

THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

IT is an English rather than a French custom to wash the dirty linen of the nation in public. We rather pride ourselves on the process, and regard it as a proof of the courage that likes to know the worst and is determined to get at the bottom of things. For once in a way the French are imitating our example, not without many protestations on the part of sensitive Frenchmen against what they regard as a national humiliation which serves no good purpose; and so strongly do the opinions of the French influence those who live among them, that most of the English Correspondents at Paris seem to agree that the revelations made at the trial are very shocking, and that no good is gained by having them made. But this is scarcely the impression which the history of what is going on during the trial is calculated to produce in English readers on this side of the water. What is repulsive is not the record of what was said or done during the war, so much as the many expressions of bitter feeling and the puerile insults to political opponents which proceed from the lips of witnesses, or are to be found in journals which comment on the evidence. The evidence is often trivial, and still more often irrelevant; but this is almost always the case in French trials, and would not be worth noticing were it not that witnesses take the opportunity of gratifying their present political passions. We may be glad to think that under the English system the evidence of an officer would have been rigidly excluded who, as a contribution to the decision of BAZAINE'S guilt or innocence, deposed that when a prisoner in Germany he often heard German beer-drinkers exclaim "St. GAMBETTA pray for us," in derision of the famous person who was supposed to be leading France into the depths of ruin. The general character of the evidence does not place the conduct of Frenchmen during the war in any new unfavourable light. On the contrary, it has shown that there was a spirit of patriotism and a love of adventure which prompted many poor men to run the most serious risks in order to make themselves useful by carrying information through the enemy's lines. It shows that the Army of the Rhine behaved with bravery in action, and endured considerable privations with constancy. It may also, we think, be said to show that the chiefs in command inside Metz were in a position of very great difficulty, and honestly did their best after their own fashion. Lastly, it places in a clear light what may be termed the main circle of French misfortunes, out of which there was no moving, and which was this:—No one of any party, neither the EMPRESS, nor BAZAINE, nor JULES FAVRE, nor M. THIERS, was either able or willing to make peace in the September or October of 1870 on the only basis which the Germans would accept, the cession of territory. The military men, however, were all of opinion that the war could not be prolonged

with any rational hopes of success. A civilian who believed in possibilities which to military men seemed impossibilities was the only man that could prolong the war, and this man was found in GAMBETTA. As GAMBETTA insisted that the war could and should be prolonged, the military men, or at least some of the best of them, obeyed him. But GAMBETTA was totally incompetent to devise or arrange military operations, and he sent his military men, and especially BOUBRAKI, to certain disaster. Thus France could only prolong the war by a machinery which made the prolongation of the war ruinous. But it was France, not GAMBETTA, that prolonged the war, and it is despicably unjust to reproach GAMBETTA for having gratified the wishes of the country. On the other hand, the military men were perfectly right in their appreciation of facts, and it is very unjust to them, when their conduct is criticized, to forget that they were right.

The evidence given against Marshal BAZAINE is of the most multifarious kind, and much of it is hardly connected with the Marshal at all. It is, however, difficult to understand the value of evidence merely by reading it; and when evidence given on one side is denied pointblank on the other, it is generally hazardous to guess which side is right without having had the advantage of seeing and hearing the witnesses. There are, therefore, minor points on which the Court may justifiably have conceived an opinion adverse to BAZAINE. They may think, for example, that he received despatches which he states he never received, or that he may not have taken advantage of favourable circumstances which he alleges did not exist. But on the main heads of accusation so far as the evidence has as yet gone, what has been established appears to coincide much more closely with the statements published by BAZAINE in the book he wrote in his defence than with the charges of the Government prosecutor. The first of these main heads of accusation is that, after the news of Sedan were received, BAZAINE used his army not to fight, but to negotiate; whereas his army was quite capable of fighting with a good chance of a great success. BAZAINE quite admits that he used his army to negotiate, but then he says that this was the best use he could possibly make of it. He asserts that the army could not have fought better than it did. He allowed it to fight to a certain extent, with the object of keeping up its spirit, as well as of making the enemy respect it and therefore of allowing better terms in negotiation, and of detaining as large a number of Germans as he could in the East of France. Throughout he made one mistake which almost every French general made also. He trusted far too much to subordinates, accepted statements without testing them, and took for granted that orders were executed because he had given them. If the object of the trial was to show that he was a second-rate man in every respect, the issue would be as clear as daylight. But when it is said that he made a wholly unsatisfactory defence with a guilty purpose, we want evidence to show that the defence was unsatisfactory. All the military men who were with him of high rank—and they were at least men, like CHANGARNIER and CANROBERT, of incontestable eminence after the French standard—bear witness that the army could not get through the enemy's lines, and that it was totally impossible to introduce supplies on any adequate scale. In one way their evidence is not worth much, for the conduct of the defence had their approval at the time, and so they too are to some extent on their trial. The Germans, it is well known, thought highly of BAZAINE as a commander, the best English correspondents were of opinion that the Metz army could not break through, and no military critic of any reputation has suggested since the war that BAZAINE ought to have been able to force his way out of Metz. This is all very vague in the way of evidence. But then what is the evidence given on the other side? It is impossible without reading it to appreciate its paltry and trivial character. It is the evidence of men totally incompetent to look at any but the tiny incidents that came under their own notice. It is the evidence of citizens of Metz who declare that they wondered then, and shall wonder to their dying day, how it happened that a certain number of sheep they had seen near a fort were not brought into the town, or how several pounds of bacon were unaccountably forgotten. It is the evidence of a Metz manufacturer who swears that he protested in vain that he and not some preferred rival was the right man to have a contract given him. It is the evidence of an enthusiast who reveals that

he offered to the Commandant of Thionville to swim into Metz to carry despatches to BAZAINE, and that he was basely prevented from swimming seven or eight kilometres under the noses of the Prussians. It is the evidence of two or three worthy creatures who declare that they happened on different occasions to be lurking on the extreme edge of the ground held by the French, and saw BAZAINE go out in a mysterious way and talk with the enemy. All that can be said of this evidence is that it was mostly given by Frenchmen whom a hard fate has now made Germans, and that France need not perhaps grudge them the intense pleasure they seem to have experienced in giving testimony which they believed to be perfectly crushing against the traitor who has made them pass into the hands of the enemy.

BAZAINE and all his generals admit that, if he had thrown all his force against the enemy, some soldiers would have got through. On one occasion a calculation was made, though not by BAZAINE himself, that if the whole French army had been used in a sortie, one-third would have been killed, one-third driven back into Metz, and one-third would have got, in a disbanded and broken state, into the neighbouring woods, whence some of them at least might have made their way into Belgium, or joined other French forces. BAZAINE says, and every impartial person must allow that there is much to be urged on behalf of his opinion, that it was much better for him to detain two hundred thousand Germans round Metz, and to use the army as a means of negotiation. But he states, and no evidence has been offered that in the least shakes his assertion, that he strictly confined himself to what came within his scope as a commander, negotiating for the surrender of his army with the honours of war. Prince BISMARCK entirely declined to negotiate on these terms. Either the surrender of the army of Metz must be a repetition of the surrender of the army of Sedan, or it must be a part of a general arrangement for peace. To negotiate peace was, in the opinion of BAZAINE, entirely out of his province, and belonged only to the Government; and for him the Government meant only the Government of the EMPEROR, or rather of the EMPRESS as Regent, and Prince BISMARCK also told him that Germany would only negotiate with the EMPRESS. Accordingly he allowed REGNIER to conduct BOUBRAKI to Hastings, and later on sent General BOYER to Versailles. From Versailles General BOYER went to Hastings, and there learnt that the EMPRESS would have nothing to do with a peace involving a cession of territory, and was occupied in trying to induce the Germans to accord exactly what BAZAINE was aiming at, the concession of the honours of war to the Army of the Rhine. There were, in fact, three different persons or sets of persons with whom the Germans were to some extent negotiating. There was the EMPRESS, there was the Government of National Defence, and there was M. THIERS with his combination for help from foreign Powers; and Prince BISMARCK played off one against another. M. JULES FAVRE stated in his evidence that when he met Prince BISMARCK in September the Prince asked him whether he thought he could count on the obedience of BAZAINE, and the Prince was, in fact, at this moment in negotiation with REGNIER. When BOYER went from Versailles to Hastings, Prince BISMARCK told him that if the EMPRESS would agree to make peace, BAZAINE must engage to pledge the army to support her, to which the General replied that this looked too much like a pronouncement to be in accordance with the usages of the French army. But then it is said that, even if it were admitted that BAZAINE might honestly think that the existing Government for him was that of the EMPRESS, he ought to have sunk for the time every cause of difference and co-operated with the Government of National Defence, just as the EMPRESS herself advised BOUBRAKI to go to Tours when he left her. BAZAINE's answer is, that this might have been his duty if he could have communicated with the Government of National Defence, or if that Government could have communicated with him. However much he had communicated with them, he could not have done more for them than he did by detaining two hundred thousand Germans round Metz till the last possible minute, but no doubt each party would have derived some advantage from communicating with the other. But neither party could communicate with the other. GAMBETTA, who gave evidence the same day as JULES FAVRE, could only say that it was very curious that none of his messengers arrived at Metz, and it was shown on fairly good testimony that shortly before the capitulation despatches from BAZAINE

were received at Tours, which were however useless, because they were in cipher and the key of this cipher was in Paris. BAZAINE, no doubt, was full of hostile contempt for the new revolutionary Government, and he considered war conducted by enthusiastic civilians an absurdity. But it is very difficult to say precisely what he ought to have done on behalf of the Tours Government which he did not do, and to prove that he could have done it. What really annoyed the Tours Government, and made GAMBETTA issue his violent proclamation accusing BAZAINE of treason, was not so much that he capitulated, but that he capitulated ten days too soon for the success of the Army of the Loire. BAZAINE quite admits that he would be deserving of the severest censure if he had capitulated ten days, or one day, before he was absolutely compelled to do so; and thus we are brought to the third great issue between the parties, that as to the terms and the time of the capitulation, the evidence as to which has not as yet begun.

MR. FORSTER AT LIVERPOOL.

MR. FORSTER'S speech at Liverpool on Tuesday is a complete justification of the prediction that Mr. BRIGHT'S return to the Cabinet would make no change in the educational policy of the Government. Nothing can be more unmistakable than Mr. FORSTER'S reassertion of the principles upon which the Act of 1870 was founded. There is not an uncertain note in the whole speech. Every sentence displays a settled determination to continue the work of making elementary education universal on the lines already laid down. Those who read Mr. BRIGHT'S speech to his constituents with the care it deserved will not be surprised at Mr. FORSTER'S unshaken attitude. A Minister who had taken office on the understanding that the policy of the Government on an important question was to be reversed would hardly have been as frank as Mr. BRIGHT was in his condemnation of what his colleagues had done. He would rather have tried to make their indispensable capitulation pleasant to them. Mr. BRIGHT'S criticism of the Education Act was the utterance of a man who speaks his mind freely because he can speak it without pledging himself. He proclaimed that he differed from his colleagues upon one part of their past policy; but it was precisely because he regarded it as past that he was able to say all he thought about it. He views the Act of 1870 as an experiment which is still in progress. Down to the moment at which it was begun it was open to Parliament to decree that this experiment should be tried under this or that set of conditions. Mr. BRIGHT holds that the right course would have been to try it under Secularist conditions. Mr. FORSTER and the majority of the Cabinet thought that it could only be tried under Denominationalist conditions. Mr. BRIGHT believes that this preference will make the experiment a failure, but he confesses at the same time that, whether he or the rest of the Cabinet are right can only be ascertained by results. There was nothing in his speech to show that, even if he could persuade his colleagues to begin the experiment afresh, he would do so. It is quite possible to regret that an experiment should have taken a particular form without being for that reason anxious that the progress already made in it should go for nothing. At all events it was abundantly clear that Mr. BRIGHT had made no stipulation that it should go for nothing. Yet, in the face of this self-evident certainty, Conservative partisans and Liberal malcontents insisted on attributing all kinds of occult meaning to Mr. BRIGHT'S return to office. They must now be in the position of a conjurer who has professed to tell the contents of a closed box and is disconcerted at finding it empty. As regards the Liberal malcontents, it will soon be seen whether their recent suspension of operations was due to conscious exhaustion or to a genuine incapacity to read the political sky. After Mr. FORSTER'S speech they cannot plead any longer that they are waiting to know the mind of the Government.

We are not at one with Mr. FORSTER as to the theoretical demerits of Secularism. If the country had been disposed to separate secular and religious instruction, and to say that the subjects upon which all men are agreed shall be taught at the common expense, while the subject upon which men must be content to differ shall be taught at the expense of the separate religious denominations, we see no reason why the plan should not have answered. But to plead the abstract advantages of Secularism as an argument against the Elementary Education Act is like pleading

the abstract advantages of Republican Government as an argument against the Reform Act. At this moment it would be as easy to declare Mr. GLADSTONE President as to proclaim the universal and compulsory severance of religious and secular instruction. It is the manner in which this fact is received that marks off the man with whom education is a primary object from the man with whom it is a secondary object. The Council of the League would probably admit that, if the Education Act had been framed so as to satisfy their present demands, it would have been impossible to pass it, and still more impossible to carry it out. In that case, they say, the right course would have been to have waited until public opinion had declared itself with sufficient emphasis to make a Secularist Education Act possible. They have a perfect right to hold this view, provided that they acknowledge that in their estimation it is better that children should remain uneducated than be educated in Denominational schools. That is what we understand by making education a secondary object. In this respect the extreme Secularist is on a level with the extreme Denominationalist. Both alike repudiate secular instruction unless it can be had under the particular circumstances of which they severally approve. Between these two sects of fanatics comes that vast multitude of Englishmen who are willing to subordinate their preferences for this or that kind of education to their desire that children should be educated somehow. It is upon these last that the success of the Education Act really depends, because it is they alone who are able to invite co-operation upon whatever terms will secure the largest number of auxiliaries.

On the principle that the party that makes most noise gets credit for being the most numerous, it is these extreme opinions that have seemed to be most important in the recent School Board elections. Bible Eighties and Liberal Eighties, Church candidates and Unsectarian candidates, have appeared to have the field almost to themselves. The extravagance of the Secularist opponents of the Act has developed an almost equally extravagant opposition to it in the very midst of its professed supporters. It is a leading principle of the Act that accommodation shall be at once provided for the whole number of children who ought to be at school. The complaints that have of late been brought against School Boards seem to ignore this principle altogether, and to assume that before building new schools a Board should be satisfied, not only that there ought to be no vacancies in the existing voluntary schools, but that there are none. In many cases the Denominationalist candidates, though they may secure their election for this time, have done so at the cost of furnishing their opponents with a weapon which will be used against them with tremendous force hereafter. If they could only have played their cards with more self-control they held an extremely good hand. They might have impressed the ratepayers generally with the conviction that they were genuinely anxious to obtain the utmost educational results of which the Act was capable, while at the same time they were equally anxious to impose as light a burden as possible on the ratepayers. In their haste to snatch at this latter advantage they have gone far to sacrifice the former. They have appeared to be preaching economy at any price, instead of preaching education at the lowest price. If they have won an election here and there by thus appealing to the poorest and most ignorant class of ratepayers, they have laid themselves open to the charge of not caring for education except when it is under their own control; and when the present cold fit passes away, they will find that educational enthusiasm would have been a safer sentiment with which to have their names associated than a mere desire to spare the ratepayers' pockets.

From an educational point of view the most important part of Mr. FORSTER'S speech is the reiteration of his willingness to bring forward, and of his ability to frame, a general measure of compulsion. In order that such a measure should be passed and worked, he stipulates for two things—first, that no parent shall be compelled to send his child past a school which he likes in order to go into one which somebody else likes; secondly, that the ratepayers shall not be compelled to build schools merely because somebody wishes that the children should be sent to School Board schools instead of to the voluntary schools. These stipulations seem to involve the maintenance of the 25th Clause in one shape or another. It cannot but happen from time to time that a Denominational school will be

nearer the house of some indigent parent than a School Board school, and if the indigent parent is not to have the school fee paid for such of his children as are attending the former school, he will in effect be compelled to send his child past a school that he likes. Again, there will constantly be cases in which there is no effective demand for additional school accommodation, and in which, if the 25th Clause did not exist, the ratepayer would be compelled to build schools simply to gratify the dislike which a few violent partisans entertain towards Denominational schools. The second of Mr. FORSTER'S conditions may perhaps indicate that he contemplates some measure of compulsion which shall not be indissolubly associated with School Boards. If the ratepayers are not to be forced to build schools where they are not wanted, it seems hardly expedient that they should be forced to form themselves into Boards which are chiefly necessary when new schools have to be built. For ourselves, we are perfectly willing to see School Boards made universal, but there cannot be much doubt that the opposition to a general measure of compulsion would be greatly lessened if the two provisions were found not to be inseparable.

THE HOME RULE CONFERENCE.

IT is possible and probable that the Irish agitation for Home Rule or separation may be troublesome; but, in its recent form of a Conference, it has not a formidable appearance. The title of the meeting was unusually applicable, because there were many conflicting opinions to reconcile or to compare. Political and sectarian Conferences and Congresses in modern times for the most part resemble the mob-gatherings which are called demonstrations, except that they are held under a roof. A number of agitators or delegates meet together for the purpose of exhibiting their numbers and unanimity, and of assuring one another that they are resolved to have their own way. The Home Rule speakers had not previously come to any agreement as to the meaning of Home Rule; and the few members of Parliament who were present, having satisfied a section of their constituents by their attendance, were apparently not anxious to enrol themselves among the followers of Mr. BUTT. It is surprising that even an audience was wanting, as if the disaffected rabble of Dublin appreciated the hollowness of the entire proceeding. It was indeed a dreary occupation to debate the comparative merits of federation and of simple repeal of the Union. According to the scheme which seemed to find favour with the majority, the Scotch Union Act also is for the sake of symmetry to be repealed, and three subordinate Parliaments are to legislate for as many portions of that which is now the United Kingdom. The preliminary inquiry whether the Scotch have any desire for a restoration of their ancient Parliament, or the English for the institution of a second-class Parliament, was naturally thought superfluous. A wholly imaginary edifice requires no material foundation. An impediment of the same kind to the ideal completeness of the plan had occurred even to Mr. BUTT'S sanguine mind. As he had repeatedly said, the new Irish Parliament is to consist of Queen, Lords, and Commons; and yet not a single Irish peer is ready to concur in the project. Nor would it be easy to supply the defect by the most liberal creation of separatist peers, because no presentable candidates for the honour could be found among the supporters of Home Rule. Mr. BUTT is to be congratulated on the simple-minded sincerity of his agitation for an object which, as he virtually admits, would be unattainable even if all external opposition were withdrawn. A Home Rule House of Lords without a peer who is a Home Ruler is but one of the flagrant anomalies of Fenianism in its transparent disguise. Mr. BUTT must be taken at his word; but the mass of his followers, like SYDNEY SMITH'S Ballot mob at an election, habitually shout for principles which they abhor. And Mr. BUTT himself, since the close of the Conference, has illustrated his loyalty and moderation by addressing a seditious mob assembled for the purpose of doing honour to the Manchester murderers.

After the boastful announcement that at the next general election eighty supporters of Home Rule are to be returned, it is remarkable that not half that number of members and of probable candidates could be induced to attend the Conference. Of those who were present, some appear either to have been unwilling to acknowledge Mr. BUTT as their leader, or to have rebelled against his pretensions to control

their political action in detail. A demagogue who relies wholly on his own readiness of speech occupies a precarious position. Unless he has some independent source of power, as in personal popularity with the multitude, he is incessantly exposed to the jealousy of his lieutenants and allies. O'CONNELL'S Irish Brigade obeyed his orders because it consisted of nominees whom he could have dismissed into obscurity on the faintest show of resistance to his dictation. The confidence of the priests and the devotion of the people were given to the leader alone. Mr. BUTT is for the present only the mouthpiece of an undefined and shifting body of discontented politicians. On more than one occasion during the sitting of the Conference he found it expedient to explain away or disavow suggestions which were thought to savour of undue assumption. O'CONNELL might with impunity have laid down for his followers any course of action which he might have professed to regard as conducive to his general object. When Mr. BUTT demanded that no Home Rule member should on any pretext have an interview with an English Minister, the protests of indignant colleagues speedily compelled him to repudiate the plain meaning of his words. Another class of susceptibilities was aroused by the words of a Resolution in which the Irish nation was to pledge itself to respect persons and property when it should become regenerate and independent. Landowners and capitalists would not attach much value to a cobweb security; but the patriots of the Conference objected to the pledge on the pretext that it was an insult to the Irish character. Mr. BUTT was accordingly driven to shelter himself by the lame excuse that he had only copied a flourish from the American Constitution. Nothing, he said, short of so august a precedent would have induced him to use language which, as he allowed, was liable to misinterpretation. The conscientious convictions which have compelled Mr. BUTT to abandon the Conservative principles of his youth must be his only consolation for the innumerable mortifications of his present career.

The Conference would probably never have been held if the managers had foreseen that it would consist exclusively of professional agitators and of a few members of Parliament anxious to preserve their seats. When the meeting was first proposed its promoters hoped that it would serve to celebrate and cement an alliance between the Roman Catholic clergy and the Home Rule faction. The Bishop of CLOYNE had recently professed his adhesion to the cause; and the aged Archbishop of TUAM had renewed his consistent professions of the doctrine of Repeal as it was advocated by his friend and contemporary O'CONNELL. It was believed, both in Ireland and in England, that the Bishop of CLOYNE would not have joined the agitation without the cognizance and assent of the great body of the hierarchy. There may perhaps have been negotiations for the amalgamation of the Home Rule movement with the struggle of the Bishops for the exclusive control of education; but the alliance, if it has been attempted, has failed for the present; for only the two prelates who were already pledged to Home Rule, together with an insignificant number of priests, signed the requisition for the Conference, and no ecclesiastical dignitary attended the meeting. It is possible that Mr. BUTT may have hesitated to make concessions which, among other results, would have placed the Home Rule movement under the control of the clergy. He must be fully aware that, in spite of his earnest professions of admiration and respect for the Roman Catholic hierarchy, no heretic will ever be trusted to represent their policy in the country or in Parliament. At the Conference Mr. BUTT declared that he would never tolerate exclusive religious ascendancy, and his pledges were repeated by a notorious priest. Cardinal CULLEN may perhaps not approve of excessive professions of toleration and indifference. The Fenian element which alone makes the agitation for Home Rule formidable is for good reasons distasteful in the highest degree to the Roman Catholic clergy. Whatever may be the explanation of their refusal to share in the Conference, their abstention deprived it of nearly all its expected importance. Mr. BUTT will perhaps now fall back on his ingenious scheme of proving that England and Ireland have no natural political connexion, by inducing Irish voters in English boroughs to use their franchise with a view to the separation of the two countries.

The nature and extent of the political influence of the Irish priests will be severely tested at the first general election after the establishment of vote by ballot. The obedience of their flocks has been compounded, in undetermined proportions, of love and fear; and one of the factors

will in a system of secret voting almost wholly cease to operate. Notwithstanding his habits of religious obedience, the ordinary Irishman is perfectly capable of deceiving his priest, if he wishes to oppose his recommendations without incurring reproof or denunciation from the altar. On the other hand, the obedience which has been rendered was probably in many cases willing; nor will popular candidates venture to dispense with the services of priests as election agents. The Roman Catholic Church has the great advantage of unity of organization; and in every separate diocese, if not throughout Ireland, the clergy will obey the instructions of their bishops. The choice of the object which the influence of the hierarchy will be directed to obtain will perhaps depend on their estimate of their own forces. If Cardinal CULLIN and his subordinates were confident of their power to return a majority of Irish members, they would probably in all cases refuse to ally themselves with the Home Rule demagogues. When the agitation first commenced three or four years ago, the priests utterly defeated a Home Rule candidate for an important constituency; but when the balance of success was reversed in a neighbouring county, they thought it prudent to support the winning side. The outrageous proceedings of some of the prelates and clergy of Connaught, recorded in the celebrated judgment of Justice KEOGH, were adopted for the benefit of a Home Rule candidate, as it is said, on local grounds. On the whole, it may be concluded that the Roman Catholic bishops dislike Mr. BUTT and his agitation, but that they would rather make terms with the separatists than acknowledge their own inability to defeat them. If an alliance should at any time suit their purpose, it would be the more feasible because the clergy and laity of the Protestant Church of Ireland have with characteristic loyalty refused to avenge themselves on the Imperial Parliament and on the English nation for the heavy blow of disestablishment. Whether Home Rule were to result in the establishment of Roman Catholic ascendancy, or in the creation of a democratic Republic, it would be equally obnoxious to the upper and middle classes of Ireland, and especially to the Protestant community. Mr. BUTT indeed suggests with more than ordinary candour that the power of England would in the last resort be available for the protection of Protestants against the oppression which they might possibly suffer under a federal system. On the whole, it is more convenient that equal rights should be maintained by a common Government than that they should be reasserted, after they had been violated, by an abnormal exercise of force.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE RAILWAYS.

THE PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE has deemed it his duty to call the attention of the Railway Companies in a formal manner to the notorious fact that a large proportion of the accidents on their lines are due to causes which are perfectly within their control; and he has intimated that, if the Companies will not of their own accord make an "effort to meet the reasonable demands of the public and of Parliament," the Government may find it necessary to resort to legislation on the subject. It is extremely improbable that this circular will produce the slightest effect on the minds of railway directors. It is nine years since the QUEEN addressed a touching appeal to them in her own name, reminding them of "the heavy responsibility which they have assumed, since they have succeeded in securing the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country," and expressing a hope that the "same security may be insured for all as is so carefully provided for herself;" but the management of railways is now, if possible, more perversely reckless and wantonly dangerous than ever. All that Mr. FORTESCUE has to say has been said over and over again in all sorts of ways, and there is nothing very terrible in his signature at the bottom of the document. It is true that he threatens the Companies, if they continue to refuse to make their lines safe, with legislation which they may not altogether relish; but the way in which the threat is conveyed will, we fear, be accepted by the Companies as a comforting assurance that, for the present at any rate, the Board of Trade has made up its mind to leave them alone. It is to be hoped that Parliament will not tolerate so mischievous a waste of time, for there are several points upon which it is indispensable that there should be prompt and stringent legislation.

In the meantime it is something perhaps to have a public declaration by the Government of the principles on which railways should be managed. When Mr. BRIGHT was at the Board of Trade, he rebuked the Inspectors for their bad manners in venturing to suggest that the Companies occasionally killed people unnecessarily; but his successor has discarded the doctrine that accidents, like adulteration, are a legitimate form of commercial competition. It is an obvious truism that, as Mr. FORTESCUE observes, "safety for life and limb ought to be a paramount object," although in the policy of the Railway Companies it sinks into a subordinate and comparatively insignificant detail. It is equally undeniable that "it is within the power of the Companies to take care that the permanent way, the rolling stock, and the station and siding accommodation, are kept up to the requirements of the traffic; that the officers and servants are sufficient in number and quality for the work to be done, and that proper regulations for their guidance are not only made, but enforced." It is also within the power of the Companies to take care that trains shall not be habitually irregular and unpunctual. A statement of the things which the Railway Companies can do and ought to do is at the same time a statement of the things which, for their own reasons, they resolutely and systematically neglect or ignore. The inquiries into the uninterrupted slaughter of the last few months have shown clearly enough that permanent way, rolling-stock, and station and siding accommodation, are certainly not kept up to the requirements of the traffic. Wigan Junction is probably by no means the worst station on the London and North-Western; but it may be taken as a fair sample of the dangerous condition of one of the chief railways in the kingdom. It is an important junction, at which three or four lines meet. Yet the main line has practically been converted into a goods-yard, in which shunting is continually going on; while at the same time there is a constant flow of traffic backwards and forwards, and expresses are frequently dashing through at full speed. As if this were not enough, it was found that the permanent way at this critical spot was insufficiently maintained. During another recent inquiry it was stated that Crewe is sometimes so overcrowded that goods trains have to wait outside for six hours before having a chance of getting in. It is equally notorious that the staff of the railways is very far from being sufficient either in numbers or quality, and that the rules under which railway servants are supposed to work are only paper rules which are provided in order to be produced at inquests, and for strict adherence to which a railway servant would at once be dismissed. It is known that on some lines engine-drivers have to work from fourteen to twenty hours at a stretch without getting sleep; and cases have been mentioned of drivers being on duty for ninety-six, and even a hundred, hours a week. In one instance a signalman who went on for a stretch of thirty-six hours was asked when he slept. He said that he put on the points and signals, and then dozed off, trusting to the telegraph-bell to awaken him; if it failed to do so, the driver would blow his whistle; and if that did not rouse him, perhaps the driver would send the fireman to the signal-box to see what was the matter. If the driver did not take this precaution, there would probably be an accident. This is a very suggestive illustration of the way in which railways are worked. The overworked signalman goes to sleep trusting to the engine-driver, and the driver, to make up for lost time, dashes on, taking for granted that everything is all right. A few days ago an engine-driver was found fast asleep on his engine just as he was beginning to descend a steep incline, at the summit of which he should have gone into a siding. The most mysterious kind of accident on a railway is certainly the safe arrival of the passengers. The ordinary so-called accidents are simply the natural result of a deliberately prepared train of circumstances.

It is important to observe what the statements in this circular amount to. It is asserted on the authority of the Government that a large proportion of the disasters which occur on railways are due to causes which are within the control of the Companies. Last year there were 246 train accidents, and in one way or another 1,145 persons were killed and 3,038 injured; and the Government accuses the Railway Companies of having by wilful misconduct killed and maimed a large proportion of these unfortunate persons. This is a very serious charge, and unfortunately it is a charge which everybody knows to be true. Railway directors will learn

nothing from this circular which they did not know perfectly well before; and if they are not shocked and shamed when they take up the newspapers day after day, and read the same miserable story of smashing and killing perpetually repeated, it is not very likely that anything in Mr. FORTESCUE's letter will have much effect on them. It is not only well known that a great many people are killed and mutilated every year who, if proper precautions had been taken, would have been carried safely, but it is also known why this happens. It is simply because the Companies will not spend the money necessary for making their lines safe. The way in which directors argue with themselves is probably this. It will put us to great expense to enlarge our sidings and stations, to lay down additional lines where they are required, to augment the numbers and improve the quality of our staff, and when all is done, accidents of one kind and another will still continue to occur. On the other hand, if we leave things just as they are, there is always a chance that disasters will not happen so often as they might do, or, if they happen, that nobody will be killed; and so we shall only have to pay compensation to a few of the sufferers, and shall save the money we should otherwise have had to spend on the lines. This may seem rather a cold-blooded calculation, but it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it has been deliberately made and acted upon. Railway directors would rather not kill their passengers if they could help it, but they hold that they can afford to lay out only a certain limited sum in giving travellers a chance of safety.

Every kind of moral persuasion has been exhausted without producing the slightest impression upon Boards of Directors, and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. FORTESCUE will be more successful than his own Inspectors, the newspapers, and the QUEEN herself. The time for this sort of pleading has gone by, and the time for action has arrived. Nor can there be any doubt as to the line which this action should take. The Railway Companies must be attacked in their pockets. To kill a passenger must be made much more costly than to take the precautions which would prevent his being killed. And the way to do this is to provide the public with new facilities for obtaining compensation for injuries. It is also a question whether, in cases where compensation cannot be claimed by individuals, a penalty should not be exacted by the State. It is further necessary that there should be some kind of summary process for obtaining compensation, not only for loss of life or injuries, but for annoyance or loss incurred through the unpunctuality of trains. Mr. FORTESCUE has obtained a decision in his favour on this point, but the question should be placed beyond doubt. The Companies are at liberty to make up their time-tables as they please; when they have once issued the tables, they should be compelled to adhere to them, or to make amends to their defrauded customers. Every railway-ticket should be in two parts, like a cheque; and the passenger should retain one of these parts, on production of which before a magistrate or County Court judge, with evidence that a train was very much behind time in accomplishing its journey, he should be entitled to receive back the whole or part of the fare, with, if necessary, additional compensation. The railways are armed with all sorts of summary powers against the public; and the public will be very foolish if it allows another year to pass without obtaining corresponding powers against the Companies. It is possible that Mr. FORTESCUE, in reserving to the Government the liberty of proposing legislation on this subject, may have had in view some measures of a more extreme nature—such, for example, as powers to compel the Companies to double their lines where it appears to be necessary, or to bring their rolling-stock, station accommodation, and personal establishment up to the requirements of traffic. Such measures, however, may be reasonably postponed until the effect of a simpler mode of treatment has been tried. In the meantime the circular of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, if it does not touch the consciences of railway directors, may possibly disturb the equanimity of shareholders, and may thus produce indirectly some effect. It can hardly be doubted that in the long run the present system of management is a very expensive one, and that it would not be followed if railways were worked, like other commercial enterprises, solely with a view to the natural and regular profits of the business. Unfortunately, as the *Times* mildly puts it, influential persons may occasionally have temporary purposes to serve, and may be bent upon effecting immediate savings which will produce

for the moment an increase of dividends and a brief inflation of the price of shares. The truth is that railways are worked more with a view to serve the schemes and speculations of directors than to promote the permanent interests of the great body of proprietors. Sir E. WATKIN stated the other day that the average receipts of each holder of ordinary railway stock were rather less than the weekly wages of a railway artisan, but it may be presumed that the gains of directors are on a different scale. If shareholders were wise, they would make common cause with the public.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THE leading thesis of Mr. Disraeli's Inaugural Address at Glasgow, the importance of knowing the spirit of the age, has probably received as much attention as it deserves; and we need not ask again what light Mr. Disraeli's speech throws upon the problem or upon Mr. Disraeli's own character. The speech, however, included another proposition which was less noticed, because less original. Indeed Mr. Disraeli himself observes that the topic has "for ages furnished philosophers with treatises." Young men, he said, ought to know themselves, and he tried to point out how the knowledge is to be obtained. We do not profess to add anything material to the long series of philosophers amongst whom Mr. Disraeli modestly declined to assume a place; but we may venture to dwell briefly upon one or two of the reflections suggested by his speech.

The remark about the importance of self-knowledge is one which occurs to everybody with unpleasant force at a certain period of life, as though it were a fresh personal discovery. When a man has finally fixed himself in the groove along which he is to work for the remainder of his life, and begins to perceive definitely the limits of his possible career, the thought occurs to him in various forms. Some few happy men may possibly reflect upon the good fortune which has provided the appropriate sphere for their talents; others will regret that they are doomed to be always cutting blocks with razors, or, if they are unusually modest, that they are for ever to be burdened with duties too high for them. But almost everybody has a tacit conviction that he would have done much better if he had known his talents at twenty years of age as well as he knows them at forty. Few and fortunate, indeed, are the men who have not to look back upon a lamentable waste of power; who have not spent the most valuable years of their lives in learning something which proves to be utterly useless, and making false starts along paths which led to nothing. Waste, it is said, is the law of the world; and nothing is more conspicuous than the waste of talent. Men who have made a great mark upon their contemporaries differ from their neighbours not merely in intrinsic power, but in some fortunate coincidence of circumstances which has enabled them to concentrate their energies from early life upon some given point. Yet we find that many even of the greatest men have, so to speak, been fighting with one hand tied; and, owing to a partial misdirection of their talents, have given us but a fragment of what might have been extracted from them if they had been turned to the best possible account. Newton made some valuable discoveries; but how much more might he not have done if he had not been distracted from the studies in which lay his appropriate sphere of labour? De Foe succeeded in writing an excellent novel; but he had first spent an ordinary lifetime in producing work which nobody now cares to remember. If only we could distribute the proper part to each actor in the great drama from the time when his talents are first developed, and make him study it with undivided attention, we should effect a saving of genius more important than the saving of many mechanical powers. We forget what proportion of all the coal raised is said to be wasted by our extravagant modes of burning; but, whatever it may be, it cannot approach to the quantity of good intellect thrown away upon inappropriate tasks.

We might attempt to console ourselves by a theory which was at one time in favour. Genius, it was said, was nothing but great general power turned in one special direction. The same man who under one set of circumstances makes a great general, would under another be a first-rate mathematician or an accomplished lawyer. If so, one part of the apparent waste would be illusory. It would not matter to what work a man turned himself so long as he worked at something. Any man would fit any hole, and we need not bother ourselves about fitting the round hole with a square peg. The objection to the theory, to mention no other, is that it is palpably false. A man with delicate nerves may be a first-rate poet, and is pretty certain to be a bad lawyer. The calculating boy would be of no use as a preacher. Mathematical ability of a higher order is generally a special idiosyncrasy, and is consistent with utter incapacity for poetical or even philosophical activity. Of course, as a rough practical rule, there is some force in the argument. Geniuses are rare, and the bulk of mankind has no special idiosyncrasy. A man of the average capacity will do respectably, and will not do more than respectably, in almost any walk in life. Ninety-nine out of a hundred clergymen and lawyers might have changed places without any particular loss to the world at large. There is probably, too, more flexibility in most professions than people generally notice. A man is not fixed

down so rigorously to one particular branch of work as he is in some mechanical trades. We have read of a man at Cincinnati who surpassed all other human beings in the art of killing pigs as decidedly as Napoleon surpassed the generals of his day in the art of destroying men. If this hero had been diverted from killing to flaying pigs his special idiosyncrasy would have been wasted. But this is an exceptional case. As a general rule, a man may find employment enough for all the talents which he possesses in any of the ordinary walks of life. A barrister, it is often said, will at some time or other find the use of any bit of knowledge which he possesses; and in any of the liberal professions the same may be said for the ordinary rank and file of humanity. If they work at what comes in their way, they will find some employment for any little capacity in which they may happen to excel their neighbours. Making this allowance, however, it must be admitted that, even in ordinary cases, there is considerable waste of power whenever a man is driven into an uncongenial employment; and that the waste becomes really lamentable when we have to do with the exceptional cases of men of strongly marked genius.

We admit, therefore, the importance of the problem suggested by Mr. Disraeli. How are we to discover as early as possible for what a man is fittest, and so avoid putting potential generals to add up figures in a ledger, and potential philosophers to talk nonsense in the House of Commons? Is the judgment to depend upon a man himself or upon his neighbours? Mr. Disraeli thinks that even Jesuit schoolmasters are likely to be mistaken in detecting the special tendencies of their pupils. That Jesuits are fallible is quite true; and we may grant that the family circle and the contemporaries of a lad are equally liable to deception. We doubt, however, whether the liability to error is not rather exaggerated. It is curious, when we have the chance, to compare the judgment formed of a set of youths at college or school with their subsequent reputations. That many mistakes should be made is inevitable. Nobody could foresee that the scholar who promised to be a second Bentley would marry young, have twelve children by the time he was five-and-thirty, and be forced to squeeze a precarious living out of his crudest and hastiest thoughts. Nor could it be known that a promising mathematician would prefer many briefs to extending the borders of science; or that the youthful statesman would choose to bury himself in a country living. The judgment can only be formed from the talents which display themselves in a narrow sphere, and without reference to the disturbing influences which may exert themselves in later life. It is only what we might expect, therefore, when we hear from anybody whose memory goes far enough back of men who have disappointed early expectations and been outstripped by less promising competitors. The judgment may have been a sound one, though it could not include all the elements of success. As a general rule, we should guess that the opinion of contemporaries is generally the most trustworthy. Though, as Mr. Disraeli tells us, youth may be generous and disposed to admire qualities not intrinsically valuable, yet it has quick perceptions and good materials for judgment. Stupid lads may lavish excessive admiration on mere popular qualities, or even on purely physical qualities; but young men of promise are ever excessively alive to intellectual excellence, and are often more generous in recognizing it than their elders. The hero of the passmen may be the leading athlete of the day; but even passmen do not suppose as yet that athleticism is a qualification for literary or official success. The hero of the authorities will be generally the young man who passes the most brilliant examinations. The criterion may be good as far as it goes; but it tends to give an undue advantage to docility as compared with originality. Success may be obtained in the Schools without that force of character which is the most useful quality in after life. The hero of the abler youths is generally that one of their own companions who distinguishes himself in some extraneous department; who is the best speaker at the Union, or writes verses which he mistakes for poetry. The speeches and the poems may be equally detestable in the eyes of a severe critic, but the disposition which they indicate is one of the highest value. It may be described as a strong self-confidence, or as a readiness to make a fool of oneself, or, more simply and fairly, as a superabundance of energy; and though, for sufficient reasons, it is not a quality to be encouraged by undue praise, it is generally symptomatic of power, and therefore of success. In these matters a school or a college is a more or less effective rehearsal of the scenes of later life; and therefore the judgment of a youth's companions is often an anticipation of the verdict which will be pronounced on a larger stage. It would be easy to confirm these opinions by illustrations, if it were not for the fear of personality; but the recently published list of distinguished men who had been presidents of the Oxford Union is some proof that young men succeed in recognizing the merits of their equals.

We may perhaps admit that most men of much mark have made their powers felt by their contemporaries before their education is finished. But it must be admitted that the judgment thus obtained is too vague to be of much value. We should not recommend any young man to take to statesmanship because his speeches were cheered at the Union, or to devote his life to metaphysics because he was regarded as a philosopher by a clique of college friends. Success in such directions is obtained with too little knowledge to be much of a test. It shows vigour; but it hardly indicates the special line along which the vigour will develop itself. And, indeed, a man must be very weak who would really permit himself to regard the opinion either of friends or superiors as more than a useful indica-

tion. He will choose for himself, unless he is so feeble that it matters little what he chooses. Moreover a youth so unpleasantly pedantic as to determine his choice by a deliberate survey of his faculties would be not much better than one of the philosophers of the Laputan school who would steer his course across the park by the help of a sextant and a compass. If he has no very strong propensities, the consideration which will outweigh all others will be the ease of obtaining his bread and butter. It is so much more necessary that an ordinary human being should be able to pay his weekly bills than that his tastes and talents should be exactly suited, that we must put up with a certain roughness in our adjustments till we have arranged the world on a new plan. If, however, we take the more exceptional case of a youth with a strong propensity for some special employment, we may be pretty sure that, in spite of all that Mr. Disraeli and we can say, his opinion of his own faculties will be determined by his likings. We at least have never yet known such a monster as a youth who combined a strong taste, say, for science, with a recognition of his incapacity to do good scientific work. Everybody naturally takes his taste as a guarantee for his talents. The inference is unlikely not a certain one. There are people who have gone on painting pictures or writing poetry without possessing even the rudiments of an artistic or a poetical taste. To what causes this kind of monomania is due is a question which we need not investigate. That it sometimes exists is unfortunately a familiar fact of which everybody can produce ludicrous or pathetic instances. The chief use of self-knowledge, in the sense of an accurate estimate of our own talents, would be to enable us to discriminate between these cases. It would be very useful to know whether our passion for a particular employment of our faculties is, as Mr. Disraeli puts it, "idiosyncratic," or "mimetic"; whether, that is, we want to work because we have strong muscles, or think that we have strong muscles because we want to work. Unfortunately no very consistent answer can be suggested, except that we should try the experiment as often as we please. We may ultimately work our way to success, and have the pleasure of turning the tables upon the critics who ridiculed our first efforts. More frequently, we shall go on breaking our shins in attempting impossible feats to the end of the chapter. In that case, whilst we regret the waste of human energy, we must admit that there is some consolation. We cannot precisely approve, but yet we have a sort of sneaking sympathy for the gentleman who goes on writing epic poems in the conviction that a remote posterity will enjoy what his contemporaries reject. The spirit of good, robust, thick-skinned self-confidence is so valuable that it meets some sort of approval even where it is misplaced. Whilst our power of predicting success is so limited, we must be content to trust to the struggle for existence; and the great stimulus to the struggle is not reason and self-observation, but blind confidence in ourselves. If well placed, so much the better; if not, there is something sublime even in thorough stupidity.

BOATING TOURS ABROAD.

THE reappearance of an old friend in a new dress strongly suggests to us the paramount influence of caprice or accident in the direction of the very pursuits that are most congenial to Englishmen. Messrs. Chatto and Windus produce a pretty little blue volume, and on the cover a light-built four-oar, with the Union Jack floating proudly at the bow, is being propelled up the flow of a golden stream by a square-shouldered crew in golden flannels. The four-oar enjoyed a European reputation in its time, and its crew were distinguished public characters. They were mobbed in the chief of the riverain cities of the Continent, and made standing themes for the wildest romance in the columns of the leading Continental journals. Their actual achievements were sufficiently creditable to their pluck and enterprise. For those hardy mariners were the first to navigate European waters in a rowboat from the Western to the Eastern sea; or, at least, to speak more correctly, from the feeders of the German Ocean, far down the watershed that slopes towards the Black Sea. They braved the perils of the Lurlei, that Rhenish Scylla; they traced out the sinuous windings of the Main among rushes and shallows, and semicataracts; they faced the still swifter currents of the Moselle and Neckar; they forced or turned the series of lock-gates in the canal that links the Main to the Danube; they shot the rocky passage under the cliffs of Passau; nor were they daunted by the traditional horrors of the terrible stream of the Strudel, or the seething whirlpool of the "Wirbel." They passed the Lurleias much at their ease as if they had taken tickets in a Rhine steamer, and, if the dangers of the Wirbel were not altogether mythical, they were very much milder than the adventures had been led to believe. Yet, sooth to say, their voyages were not without their dangers. On more than one occasion the travellers narrowly escaped shipwreck, and that in circumstances where the strongest swimmer might have regretted he had not begirt himself with a life-belt. But, after all, the dangers they ran were scarcely greater than those that are involved in a first-class Alpine ascent, while the counterbalancing delights were more sustained, if not more intense. They came back in safety, carrying their "log" with them. It had been carefully kept by Mr. Mansfield, the originator of the idea of the cruise, who figures in the log's pages under the pseudonym of Smith. Mr. Mansfield gave it to the world, and its reception was a great success. It ran rapidly through several editions; we believe it had the honour of transla-

tion into a foreign tongue, and we know that it sold very freely among travellers as one of the volumes of the Tauchnitz series. Its success was justified both by its matter and its style; and what was more, it proved to demonstration the special charms of that mode of locomotion. For not only did it touch a variety of points of interest altogether avoided by railways and roads, and very rarely puzzled out by pedestrians, but it was evidently written, from first to last, in a fine flow of high animal spirits, which augured the perfection of health and hearty enjoyment.

Having said so much, we are brought back to the point we started from, and we are impelled to ask how it has come to pass that Mr. Mansfield and his shipmates have not been followed by a host of imitators? We keep up a couple of Universities and a number of public schools for the study of boating as one of the fine arts; we have famous boating clubs on the Thames and Tyne and others of our rivers; shoals of our boating men go across to the Continent in each succeeding season; and how is it that they leave their fleets and flannels behind them, while they swelter through the summer days in shooting-coats and the stuffiest of first-class carriages? It is true, Mr. Mansfield tells us in his preface, that his example has found imitators, and that scarcely a year goes by without some boat going over to the Continental streams. It may be so; but this we are sure of, that he and his companions never formed a school, and that his imitators must be few and far between. In the course of a pretty extensive Continental experience during the twenty years that have elapsed since the cruises of his *Water Lilies*, we have neither seen nor heard anything of English crews afloat. The fact can only be explained, as we observed at the outset, by one of those caprices of taste for which there is no accounting. For Continental canoeing, which is of comparatively recent date, became at once extraordinarily popular. To say nothing of the *Rob Roy*, the splash of English paddles has been heard in most places, and they have roused the echoes even in the Norwegian fiords and the lonely lakes of inner Scandinavia. Now we have nothing whatever to say against canoeing. Men like Mr. Macgregor clearly enjoy it thoroughly. We can conceive that there must be a certain pleasurable sense of independence in launching out on the waste of waters and your own resources; while there is a decided convenience in being able to carry your vehicle when you are weary of being carried by it, and in tucking it under your arm like an umbrella when the fancy takes you to stretch your legs. Yet it must be owned that canoeing is but a misanthropic manner of enjoying a holiday. Your pleasure, such as it is, must be all self-contained; a solitary man cannot relieve his feelings in strong language with any satisfaction; and even if you are cruising in company, it must be disagreeable to have to hail your friend in order that he may listen to your stentorian objections or respond to the signals of your transports over the scenery. In travelling in a party in a four-oar, on the other hand, you ought to have pretty nearly the perfection of sociability. We assume that the crew have been picked to pull together in more senses than one. As nature has been working from primeval times to map out a route which you can hardly help following, there can be no difference of opinion on that score. You have only to lay your heads along the course of the streams, and all that remains to settle is the times of the start and the lengths of the stages. On these points, as you shake down into your habits, there need be little difficulty in coming to a pleasant understanding. Braced and invigorated by hard exercise and sound slumber, you will naturally be inclined to early and regular hours. Good health means good spirits, and good spirits imply a disposition to be mutually agreeable. But you are only tied to accommodate the general inclination of the party, and not to trains and time-tables. There is no being hurried down to the hotel omnibus five-and-fifty minutes before the departure of the train. There is no scrambling for tickets, and fighting over the counting and weighing of the luggage, before being locked up in the waiting-room. Above all, there is no being scattered through hot carriages, among warm women and crying children, and foreigners with bulky packages and heavy coats in the head, who fumigate you with the coarsest of homegrown tobacco. There is no being stowed away in a seat on the wrong side, out of sight of the cool river and against the hot limestone wall that is glaring in the sunbeams; no being shot into the bowels of the earth just as you reach the castle-crowned gorge that has been lauded up to the skies in the guide-books. No; your carriage is waiting for you, and you may order it at what hour you please. There is no bother about horses and postboys, and none of the expense and squabbling attendant on posting. You are comparatively independent of the quality of your inn. If you arrange your halt at an hotel, you are sure to be made much of, arriving as eccentric and distinguished strangers who advertise the house. Your suit of flannels is the easiest and most comfortable of wear, and if you should take less pleasure in being mobbed than the master of the *Rob Roy*, at least your party keep each other in countenance in wearing them. But if it suits you better to put up at some homely inn, Epicurean as you may be, it must be bad indeed if you are not content with it. You may count with confidence on your appetite; the cooking that repels you must be poor indeed; and the wines of the country go down pleasantly over a palate which has just been sufficiently parched to appreciate them. You are sure to sleep the sleep of the just, in spite of the briefest of beds with narrow Teutonic coverlets. As a rule, the great drawback to travel, and especially in out-of-the-way districts, is the too frequent dullness of the evenings. You have dined early; the rain is coming down in streams, and there is nothing for it but to mope or sulk, unless you

are gifted either with unusual mental resources or extraordinary powers of suction. In the crew of a four-oar, you have just the party for a rubber, and the coxswain is there to cut in as odd man. With a couple of packs of cards you may laugh at the spite of the elements, as you wait patiently while time flies by; and the stroke in one of Mr. Mansfield's voyages showed a just appreciation of the necessities of this particular mode of travel when he shipped himself with cards, a corkscrew, and a Greek Testament as the chief part of his modest luggage.

It may be thought that we have dwelt unduly on the subsidiary charms of a boating tour, forgetting that the chief ends of travel are understood to be self-improvement and the cultivation of a faculty for universal admiration. But we must take the world as we have found it, and it is our experience that, if tourists are to be improved at all, it is by relieving them to the very uttermost of all sense of duty and responsibility. Possibly a man who knows nothing of ecclesiastical architecture, and cares less for associations with mediæval history, may be impressed by the solemn interior of a cathedral if he chance to stroll into it while his cutlets are cooking for breakfast. Send him there later under custody of a guide, with a dozen other churches to be checked off before dinner-time, and his faculties are numbed by the feeling of what an unspeakable weariness it is. Let him prepare himself to admire Rheinfels, Heidelberg, or Molk by the officious help of his Murray or his Baedeker, and of course he is disappointed even by the striking reality when he sees it. Setting out in flannels and a four-oar, you are absolved in advance from all responsibilities of the kind, and you start on your tour without any calls on your conscience. Yet you start without prejudice to the indulgence of any special tastes which you may possess; if you pass near to that Rubens, or that other Albert Dürer, there is no reason why you should not make a stop to go and look at them. Your friends will be happy to wait for you, as you are sure not to have trespassed on their good-nature. It is very possible that they may even propose to accompany you, and so give you the opportunity of developing their neglected tastes for the æsthetic. As for admiring nature, we suspect that the vigorous gentlemen stretching to their oars in the fresh air and the sunshine are likely to have a keener appreciation of its beauties than the passengers on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, who are handling their knives and forks under the awning with their backs persistently turned to the Drachenfels. We do not fancy that Mr. Mansfield's crews volunteered especially because they were enthusiasts, yet every chapter shows how the sights that greeted them at each turn of the stream sweetened the heavy labour of the oars. As a matter of course, they saw a great deal more than other people. For not only did they go where not one traveller in a hundred thinks of following the course of the water, but they were by no means tied to time or to their boat. The kits they stowed under their seats were small, but they were accompanied by heavier impedimenta in the shape of portmanteaus, which were sent forward to particular points. When the fancy took them, they cast their boating slough, and gave themselves up to the pleasures of society as English gentlemen in the dress of the period. We may add that generally their fame had gone before them, and their mode of travel assured them a welcome even where they were not provided with personal introductions; although we cannot hold out hopes that the most unexceptionable English boat would continue to act as a passport into the best Continental society, were their example to be more promiscuously followed. Be that as it may, however—and it is probable that most boating men would think their voyage all the pleasanter the smaller the sensation it created—we are sure that no way of touring could be more enjoyable than boating abroad in a favourable summer.

OLD FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publication of M. Littré's great Dictionary will have for its necessary consequence an increased impulse towards the study of old French texts. The interest in the French literature of the middle ages has greatly extended itself during the last ten years; and editions of old poets which formerly would have had no chance whatever of a remunerative sale are now undertaken with confidence by well-known publishers such as Jouaust, Troas, Maillat, and others; whilst the prevalent fashion in printing and paper-making for works of this especial class is the most exquisitely tasteful that has ever prevailed, and will no doubt be thoroughly appreciated by book-collectors long after the present generation shall have passed away. Perrin of Lyons, Claye and Jouaust of Paris, have produced editions which for the art of the printer are simply faultless; so that poems which existed only in precious illuminated manuscripts now exist in typography not less beautiful than the handiwork of the mediæval scribe. Paper-makers like Hallines do their utmost to rival the fine old Dutch papers that are so well known to Continental collectors; and as the books, when they come out, have as yet escaped the great peril of a vulgar binding, they are, materially speaking, a pure delight to the connoisseur. If illustrations are admitted, they are either careful reproductions of original illuminations, without the colour, or else etchings by some distinguished etcher of the contemporary French school, such as M. Flameng. Whether the literary contents are so generally appreciated by collectors as the paper and print we have no positive means of ascertaining; but we know that in cultivated French society there has existed for many years an increasing

and always more and more intelligent interest in everything connected with old France, perhaps because the nation feels itself so widely severed from the past, and therefore experiences a greater curiosity as to what the past was like. It may be suspected from the nature of some old books which have been reproduced in the manner just described, that the public is not appealed to altogether on the side of purity and virtue, for the publishers occasionally bring out such works as the tales of the Queen of Navarre (not quite modestly illustrated by M. Flameng), and the *Decameron* of Boccaccio; yet, on the other hand, they give us decent enough romances of the Round Table, and at least one volume full of the most genuine beauty of sentiment, and remarkable for admirable elevation of moral purpose, the noble *Livre des Cent Ballades*. All these books are published in small editions, and the usual sale of them seems to be from two hundred and fifty to five hundred copies.

It is hardly possible to possess and study the magnificent Dictionary which M. Littré has recently completed without feeling a strong desire to know more about that mediæval literature from which he quotes so constantly in his illustrations of the history of the language. We are not altogether ignorant of it even in England; we know that there were *chansons de geste*, and *romans de la table ronde*, and *romans d'aventures*, and *rondeaux d'amour*, and *fabliaux*; but most of us are deterred from any serious study of this old literature by what appears at first to be the almost insuperable difficulty of the language in which it was written. The notion, utterly erroneous but very widely prevalent, that old French is a mere barbarous chaos, destitute of grammar, has much impeded the study of it on rational and methodical principles. The fact is, as M. Littré points out, that, in comparison with modern French, it had rather more grammar than less; for it preserved a remnant of the Latin cases, and in many other respects, of which we intend to say more a little later, it was more logical, as well as more grammatical, than the French of our own times. There is, in fact, a visible decadence in the French of to-day. It has lost many accuracies and admitted not a few solecisms which would have given just cause of offence to a Frenchman of the time of the *trouvères*. And yet the old language has been regarded, first with indifference in the seventeenth century, and then with hostility in the eighteenth. Voltaire fancied that the French of the middle ages was formless and barbarian, and he despised it as a jargon:—

Mais il n'y a aucun compte à tenir [says M. Littré] de son jugement et de tout jugement pareil, car ce jugement était porté en pleine ignorance des faits; nul ne soupçonnait alors que le vieux français était une langue à deux cas, et que cette *rouille* apparente, ce jargon prétendu, dépendissent de règles syntaxiques qu'on admirait grandement dans le latin. Une étude positive témoigne que le français ancien est plus voisin du latin que le français moderne, et qu'à ce titre il faut en écarter toutes les imputations de barbarie grammaticale et de jargon grossier; le latin suffit à le protéger.

M. Littré observes that, although there are differences between modern French and the French of Corneille, these are merely differences of usage; that Corneille might write *autant comme* instead of *autant que*, and that a hundred forms used by him and his immediate predecessors may be no longer employed in these days, yet still that his French and the French of to-day are strictly the same language because they have the same syntax. But old French had an entirely different syntax. It had cases—not six cases like Latin, but two, the nominative and the accusative. Everybody knows the two old French words *sire* and *seigneur*. Both are used to-day; a king or emperor is called *sire*, and Christ is called *seigneur*. In old French, however, they were the two cases of one word, *sire* being the nominative and *seigneur* the accusative, and they answered to the Latin *senior*, *seniorem*, the prolongation of the word being in consequence of the position of the tonic accent in the Latin accusative. In like manner *terre* was a nominative of which *larron* was the accusative from *latro*, *latro-nem*. These examples may serve to show how one class of substantives formed themselves; but there was also another class in which the Latin original did not change the position of its tonic accent, and then the old French accusative simply added a syllable; thus, *homo* became *hom*, and *hominem*, *home*, the final *e* being an additional syllable in French. The familiar French title *comte* is an old accusative, as *seigneur* is. The nominative of *comte* is *cuens* or *cons*, answering to *comes*; the accusative is *comte*, answering to *comitem*. In the second of these categories the old French nominative singular had an *s* which came from the nominative of the second Latin declension, and this *s* was naturally lost in the accusative, as we perceive at once that it must have been when we know the rule. Thus for *caballus* we have *li chevals*, or *chevaus*, or *chevar*; whilst the equivalent of *caballum* is *le cheval*; in like manner *li chevels* or *cheveus* answers to *capillus*, and *le chevel* to *capillum*. Modern French has preserved in *fil* the *s* of *filius*, and so in this instance kept the nominative whilst dropping the accusative *fil*, though in very many instances the modern tongue has preserved the accusative by preference. The custom of adding an *s* to nominatives extended itself to words where according to the Latin derivation it was not so strictly required.

Plurals of words derived from the second Latin declension having a nominative in *s* and an accusative in *os* followed the original language with the same fidelity as the singular, and this produced the remarkable effect of counter-changing, most puzzling to any one who does not know the grammatical reasons for it, and of itself quite sufficient to convey the impression that the *langue d'oïl* was a mere barbarous confusion. The nominative singular has the same form as the accusative plural, being distinguished from it only by the article, whilst the nominative of the plural reproduces

the singular accusative, as the reader will see at a glance from the following table:—

	Sing.	Plur.
Nom.	li chevals	li cheval
Acc.	le cheval	les chevals.

The preservation of the final Latin *s* in the case of adjectives produced sometimes the same termination in both masculine and feminine. So we have *uns hom loials*, for *unus homo legalis*, and also *une femme loials* for the nominative, with *un home loial* and *une femme loial* for the accusative.

The old possessives were exceedingly simple. The custom was to put the thing possessed followed by the possessor in the accusative; *la fille le roi*, the king's daughter, *li chevals l'empeereor*, the emperor's horse. Modern French retains this in one or two instances—*fête-dieu*, *hôtel-dieu*. *Empeereor* is the accusative of *emperere*, *imperator*. Here is the declension:—

	Sing.	Plur.
Nom.	li emperere	li empereor
Acc.	le empereor	les empercoirs.

It is worth remarking that the comparative in old French was formed with *de* and not with *que*, and this was a rendering of the Latin ablative; thus *major fratre* in old French would be translated quite closely and accurately by *plus grant de son frere*. The termination of French adverbs in *ment* had its origin in that habit of thinking in Latin which was common in the middle ages; for, although the Romance languages dropped the Latin adverbial terminations, they added one which contains a whole Latin word, the word *mens*. Thus *vraïement*, *prudemment*, mean truly-minded, prudently-minded, and the old French preserved the gender of *mens* by putting the adjective before it in the feminine, as, for instance, *bonnement*.

In conjugation, old French came nearer to the Latin than the French of our own day. It is interesting to hear what Littré has to say of a peculiarity which the ignorant have looked upon as a fault, and which is only permitted in this century in the character of a poet's license:—

Quand à la conjugaison, la principale observation est que la première personne du singulier ne prend point d'*s* à moins que cette lettre ne soit du radical; *je voi*, *je vi*, etc. Ces formes sans *s* sont restées dans notre versification à titre de licences; mais, bien loin d'être une licence, c'est une régularité, car l'*s* conformément à la conjugaison latine, type de la nôtre, n'appartient pas à la première personne (*video*, *vidi*), et c'est à tort que de la seconde personne, dont elle est caractéristique, on l'a étendu à la première. L'imparfait est en *oie*, *oies*, *oît*, *je aimoi*, *tu aimoies*, il aimoit; ce qui représente les désinences latines *abam*, *abas*, *abat*; le conditionnel suit la même formation; *je aimeroie*, *tu aimeroies*, il aimeroit. Certains verbes de la première conjugaison subissaient au présent de l'indicatif une modification qui change le son de la voyelle du thème; *je doin*, *tu dois*, *il doit*, de *donner*, *je aim*, *tu ains*, *il aint*, de *aimer*.

The old French pronunciation and orthography are interesting subjects to all who care to read the literature of the middle ages. There are certain data even for the pronunciation. How are we to pronounce the *langue d'oïl*? The natural temptation of the beginner is to pronounce it as it is written, because the orthography seems strange to him, and he fancies that the stranger he makes the pronunciation the likelier it is to be near the customs of old times. This, however, is based upon the mistake of supposing that the Frenchmen of the middle ages came nearer in pronunciation to their spelling than their successors of the present day do to theirs, and we have no evidence to warrant such a supposition. The true principle appears to be, that in all the fundamental sounds the pronunciation of to-day has preserved the habits of former ages; and M. Littré believes that, after some deductions which are evident of themselves, the way to approach nearest to the pronunciation of a *trouvère* is simply to sound the words as if they were modern French. There is a consideration in support of this view which M. Littré does not mention, yet which may be worth suggesting. The French peasantry have in all probability preserved a good deal of the old pronunciation, since they and their fathers have been illiterate, as the higher classes also were in the middle ages, and have learned the language entirely by ear. Now, although the French peasantry do not pronounce exactly as cultivated people do in the present day, their pronunciation is much nearer to cultivated pronunciation than it is to any orthography, ancient or modern; so that in all likelihood the two have always been to a great extent independent of each other. M. Littré has no doubt that *il puet* (the old form) should be pronounced *il peut*, and *cuer*, *cœur*; whilst he believes that *ier* was pronounced *yeux*, that *dier* was pronounced *dieux*, the *x* being only an orthographic sign, as it is to-day. There is a probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that the spelling has been modified by the pronunciation, and that the pronunciation of to-day existed before the Latin forms were definitively abandoned. Thus it is probable that when people wrote *teste* and *tempeste*, from *testa* and *tempesta*, they pronounced the word *tête* and *tempête* just as we do to-day. To put it in M. Littré's phrase, the etymological orthography had to yield to that of pronunciation, the latter having established itself in the earliest history of the language, when it became no longer Latin. Spelling and pronunciation are two forces that react continually upon one another. When there is little grammatical teaching, and men learn their language much more by their ears than by their eyes, then it is the pronunciation which modifies the orthography and assimilates it to itself. On the other hand, when books are much used, the spelling gains empire over pronunciation, and the tendency is to pronounce all the letters that one sees written; at

this time tradition succumbs on many points to the influence of the eyes.

When French began to be formed, the educated classes used Latin exclusively for authorship and correspondence, employing the language of their own country only as a necessary means of communication with the vulgar. It was formed, in fact, simply by popular instincts, and the writing of it was only a record of changes which these instincts had produced. M. Littré makes a distinction between *dialect* and *patois* which has not hitherto been familiar to us; indeed we have not, in English, two words corresponding to the two things, and are obliged to borrow one of them from the French. When the unity of language and literature did not as yet exist in France, each of the different forms of speech which prevailed in the provinces had as much right to its independence as another. At that time there existed various independent dialects, such as those of Picardy, Normandy, Burgundy, the Isle of France, and Lorraine. But at the end of the fourteenth century the provincial lordships lost much of their feudal character; the monarchy became preponderant, Paris became a capital, and then a language was formed which belonged alike to all cultivated persons. From that time the dialects gave place to what we now call *patois*. There are dialects so long as the great fiefs exist, but when monarchical unity has absorbed these local centres the *patois* take their place. M. Littré defines a *patois* as a dialect which, having no longer any literary uses, is only employed for the necessities of ordinary life. He strongly protests against the prevalent notion that the *patois* are a corruption of correct French. The dialects, he argues, from which the *patois* descend, were not the result of a dismemberment of a French language that existed before them, but preceded the French language; or rather the French language is one of the dialects, which, owing to political circumstances, has gained the first place. M. Littré makes a comparison between the formation of the Romance languages and that of dialects, which is ingenious and, we believe, new. He says that the great districts called Italy, Spain, Provence, and France, imprinted their character on the Latin language as the smaller districts which we call provinces also imprinted theirs; and that the diversity had rules of its own. He observes that the mutations take place just as if there had been a previous understanding about their nature. The field open to divergence was unlimited, the point of contact unique, yet these languages always agree together on the principle of their mutations. They agree to reduce the Latin declension, to suppress the Latin neuter, to create the article, to introduce compound tenses for the past in conjugation, to form a new mood—the conditional—and to express the passive no longer by terminations, but by a combination with the verb *to be*; to organize auxiliaries for conjugation. They agree to invent a new sort of adverb with the suffix *ment*; and, lastly, when these languages go outside of the domain of Latin to express new ideas, or to replace terms which have fallen into disuse, they almost always adopt the same words. These languages were formed simultaneously, and the history of one cannot be understood without reference to the history of others.

The Latin that is most changed in French belongs to the early language which was modified by popular use, but words that were adopted by the learned at a later date are preserved in a more accurate form. Thus *frêle* and *fragile* both come from *fragilis*, but the first was a popular form, and therefore much altered, whilst the second was a learned introduction. In the old words we have a key to the accent used in the Latin of the decadence, and the Romance languages are dialects of Latin. The old French preserved declensions for the space of three centuries. There were two cases during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, and if it is a perfection in the ancient languages to have them, then old French deserves some share of the credit. The time when French lost its cases was the latter half of the fourteenth century. In the first half the old rules were still followed, at least in literature; all correct writers were careful to observe their nominatives and accusatives; but towards the end of the fourteenth century the barriers of tradition were broken down, and the new grammar which recognized no cases began to be openly employed, so that there was a confusion of two grammars. The same writer would at one time employ his nominative and accusative, and at another time neglect to employ them, using one form only. Thus the nominative *emperere* is dropped, and *emperor*, the accusative, is retained. In some instances both cases are preserved; but when this happens, each has a special use, as we have already pointed out in the familiar example of *sire* and *seigneur*, which were formerly a nominative and accusative.

The origin of the *s* for plurals is highly curious, and entirely dependent on the declensions in old French. We have seen how these were formed. The nominative singular often took a final *s*, on account of the Latin termination, but so did the accusative plural. When the nominatives were dropped, the accusatives remained, and so it happened that the plurals in many instances were provided with an *s* by inheritance from the Latin. You cannot get a final *s* out of *caballum*, but you can get it out of *caballus*. This suggests the very curious reflection that, if the French language had chanced to retain nominatives instead of accusatives, the singular of modern French (and English) nouns would most likely have ended with an *s*, and the plural have been deprived of it.

In some respects old French was more grammatical than that which is spoken in our own day. For example, in the thirteenth century no one would have thought it allowable to put a masculine termination to a possessive pronoun when the thing possessed was

of the feminine gender. Nobody would have said anything so outrageous to grammar as *mon épée, mon amie*; a Frenchman of the time would have said *m'espée, m'amie*, just as, instead of saying *ton âme, son enfance*, as we do, he would have said *t'âme, s'enfance*. Modern French has preserved a similar elision after the article, and the question is why it has not preserved it after the pronoun. M. Littré is justly angry with the people of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries who introduced a solecism at once so flagrant and so unnecessary. It was a gratuitous spoiling of the language, and it is wonderful how quickly it took root, and how authoritative it became, so that it was soon a fault to use a feminine possessive with a feminine noun if the latter began with a vowel or an *h* not aspirated.

Modern French is a very modern language indeed, if we date from the introduction of its present syntax, which only came into use in the fifteenth century. The revolution in syntax had been begun by the fourteenth century; but it was not completed till late in the fifteenth, when French became what grammarians called an analytic language. Spanish and Italian were formed before, and on the same analytic principle which the modern French adopted. It is on account of the profound difference in syntax that old French is to be considered a separate language, and now a dead language. It is, however, not difficult to learn by any French scholar of to-day, when once its principles are understood; and it is certainly worth learning by any one who cares for truly romantic literature. Unfortunately there exists as yet no thoroughly good and complete dictionary of the *langue d'oïl*, but this is a deficiency which modern erudition is sure to remedy in time.

ΔΕΙΞΑΜΕΝΟΙ ΣΤΟΠΗΝ ΦΙΛΟΜΗΤΟΡΑ.

IN the garden of the King's School at Shrewsbury many fair flowers have been reared. We cannot help looking upon the projected removal of that ancient and famous school to a new site as obliterating features to which the memory of her sons most fondly clings. There is something almost pathetic in the explanation which Dr. Kennedy gave to the Public Schools Commissioners why, with conditions apparently favourable, Shrewsbury School had been in his time so ill supported:—

Schools are upheld and extended by influence and combination far more than by their intrinsic merit, whatever it be. Some have family connexion and influence; some joint-stock influence and exertion; some the influence of religious parties. Shrewsbury School has nothing of the kind. It has relied on its own unassisted merits, and those merits appealing to a portion of society which becomes smaller and smaller every year; those, I mean, who still ascribe some value to a University education and classical training.

The Commissioners to whom these words were addressed reported that the great reputation which the school had acquired under Dr. Butler and Dr. Kennedy as a place of education had sustained it in spite of many disadvantages, but that these disadvantages were now the more severely felt on account of the competition of the new proprietary and other schools which had of late sprung up in various parts of the country. "The very bad condition of the buildings, and the want of funds to place them in a proper state, operate more and more to deter parents from sending their sons as boarders, and the want of boys tells upon the teaching of the school." This Report is nearly ten years old. It was followed by the Public Schools Act of 1868, under which the new Governing Body of the Shrewsbury School has been established, and that body, with the energy of youth, proposed not only reconstruction, but removal. It is possible, however, that a strong manifestation of the wishes of old pupils of the school may induce the Governing Body to build upon the old foundations.

This question, however, cannot be regarded as one of mere sentiment; and, in order to form a practical judgment on it, we may usefully look into the Report, already quoted, of the Public Schools Commissioners, to see what opinions, if any, were expressed *ante litem motam*, if we may so say, on this alternative of reconstruction or removal. Dr. Kennedy referred to an opinion expressed by one of the Trustees, that the smallness of numbers in the School was chiefly due to the defectiveness of means of accommodation, and he said:—

I admit that these are old, unattractive, and in some respects inconvenient and inadequate. Still the houses are solid, well ventilated, and shown by long experience to be more healthy than many places of new and elaborate construction.

At the same time Dr. Kennedy wished that exertions had been made many years ago to rebuild the houses in accordance with the demands of the age. It seemed a little hard that, while new schools without any endowments could venture to build large and extensive premises, and even to incur debt for that purpose, a school of considerable endowment and established position and name should fall into comparative decay, for want of that amount of energy which would have enabled former Trustees to borrow money for the complete restoration of the premises, providing for interest and repayment partly by the temporary stoppage of exhibitions, partly by capitations, which Dr. Kennedy would gladly have concurred in. The new Governing Body are not likely to incur the same censure as the old Trustees for want of energy, and indeed it seems the fate of schools and other institutions to suffer alternately from torpor and spasmodic activity. The Public Schools Commissioners of course visited Shrewsbury, and went over the school buildings, and as their Chairman, Lord Clarendon, put it, "I

daresay the Trustees will not be surprised to learn that we did not admire them very much." The Trustees explained that they had made a representation, putting it in very strong language asking the Charity Commissioners to enable the Trustees to purchase property adjacent to the school, and they had consulted an architect as to how the property to be thus acquired could, with the sites of the present Head and Second Masters' houses, be made most convenient as future residences for the Head and Second Masters, with proper accommodation for a limited number of boarders. The Trustees added that they would be glad to receive the sanction of the Commissioners to the proposed improvements.

Thus the matter stood when the Public Schools Commissioners made their Report, which bears date 16th February, 1864, and the essential features of the question have not been changed since. The property of the school is no larger than it was ten years ago, and yet it appears to be now assumed that a sum of money may in some way be provided for building purposes much larger than was thought practicable at the date of that Report. We hear a good deal of the spirit of the age influencing the institutions of the country, and if it can induce people to lend money without security to rebuild a school, we shall be inclined to believe in it. Dr. Kennedy was unwilling to appeal to the friends of the school for subscriptions towards restoration, but we cannot see why Shrewsbury should not use means by which Harrow and Rugby have largely profited. But if friends are to contribute towards restoration, their wishes must be to some extent consulted as to site and plan. The onus seems to rest on those who propose a change of site to justify it. The idea probably is to collect upon one site all the buildings of every kind that may under any possible circumstances be needed for the school. The symmetry of such a scheme is perhaps captivating to some minds, but other minds may not dislike complexity and variety. Charter House, having been moved from town to country, necessarily occupies a single site. But at Harrow and Rugby we find a central block of buildings with boarding-houses dotted about the town. The boys and masters have to pass to and fro along the streets between these houses and the chapel and schoolrooms, whereas if all the school-buildings were collected on one site, they might transact a whole day's duties without even exposing themselves once to the outer air. But if the spirit of the age treats this arrangement as necessary, we should incline to regard it as equivalent to effeminacy. The "Old Salopians" who are proposing a memorial to the Governing Body say that the alleged grievance that the playground is not immediately contiguous to the school-buildings appears to them to be "unduly exaggerated," and to be an objection made for, not by, the boys. "It was not felt as a hardship in our time, and it must be borne in mind that the same conditions exist at Harrow and Westminster." The present cricket-ground is at Colton Hill, half a mile from the school, and the Memorialists believe that it is sufficiently near, and the accommodation can be rendered sufficiently ample. They suggest however that, if necessary, an excellent and convenient playground might be obtained by throwing a light foot-bridge over the Severn, and acquiring one or two fields within a short distance of, and visible from, the school. As regards buildings, they state that the present site of the school contains about nine thousand square yards, of which the existing buildings cover about two thousand, and adjacent ground to the extent of about five thousand square yards is obtainable at moderate cost. They assume that all the existing buildings would be removed, except the original stone building fronting to school gardens, which, in addition to the class-rooms, comprises the chapel and library, and the residence of some of the assistant-masters. By utilizing the whole of this building for schoolrooms only, they believe that an ample area for that purpose will be provided, and that the remainder of the site will afford adequate space for all the other erections that are required, including boarding-houses, without interfering with the supply of light and air. But, in the event of the adoption of the modern system of detached boarding-houses owned or rented by and under the control of the several assistant-masters (as carried out at Harrow, Rugby, and elsewhere), the only boarding-houses to be erected out of the school funds would be those under the immediate superintendence of the Head-Master. The Memorialists say that "the present site is especially favourable to such a scheme, as many eligible houses in the immediate vicinity have undergone changes in occupation during the last few years, and might, with ordinary care, be secured as the necessity for increased accommodation occurs."

It appears to us that the Memorialists are substantially right in argument, while sentiment is altogether on their side. It must not be forgotten that this is, or might be, a day-school as well as a boarding-school, and a central situation is desirable for a day-school. The Memorialists quote Dr. Arnold as an authority for the opinion that a school should not exceed three hundred boys. But their plan, if detached boarding-houses form part of it, would admit of increasing the school beyond this limit. The Head-Master, who has drawn up a statement of reasons in favour of removal, doubts whether the present site is adequate for the future needs of the school if provision is to be made for even three hundred boys. The Memorialists think that the present site would be adequate for that number, but they suggest that a part of the number might be accommodated in detached boarding-houses, so that no doubt might rest on the adequacy of the accommodation. In the printed papers before us the Memorialists answer the Head-Master, and we have no opportunity of knowing what reply he could or would make to them. But substantially his view

appears to be that the present site is probably inadequate for three hundred boys, and certainly for a larger number, and therefore a new site must be adopted. The Memorialists answer that, even admitting the Head-Master's premises, the conclusion does not follow, because detached boarding-houses would meet the difficulty. It is unsatisfactory to pronounce an opinion without hearing what the Head-Master would say to this; but we think that the desire for the concentration of the whole school upon one site is at most matter of taste and sentiment which is counterbalanced by the strong attachment of old Salopians to the "time-honoured site." They ask the Governing Body not to root up their most cherished associations, and they may perhaps be right—and it is impossible to prove that they are wrong—in thinking that the fair and delicate flower of classical scholarship would not flourish equally upon a strange soil and under new conditions. The prosperity or failure of schools depends on many concurring and conflicting circumstances which almost defy analysis. But one way towards success is to enlist sympathy and to cherish sentiment. The Memorialists *δεξιμένοι στην γνήσιαν φιλοπαιδείαν* desire that successors of the *Tres viri floribus legendis* may gather in future years garlands for Sabrina from the very garden which was in former days so fertile. It is impossible for any one, however trained, who loves that scholarship which has so long been the ornament of this school, not to feel interested in its prosperity, and to dread any step that may tend to destroy its associations and traditions, and to sever the continuity of its life. To quote the words of the triumvirate to whom scholars owe a charming volume:—"Quom harumce litterarum studia, qua verumur ne in dies obsolescant, nondum penitus excidisse videremus, condendum censuimus monumentum, quod posteris hominibus traderet, veteres illas Musas ac Camenas non ad Tamesin solum sed in Sabrina etiam ripis aliquando vestigia possuisse." The monument which we should desire to see would be the school rebuilt on the old site.

SHERRY POISON.

OLD-FASHIONED people in the country sometimes talk of sherry wine as if there was another kind of sherry which was not wine; and, though they are perhaps not aware of it, they are undoubtedly right in suggesting this distinction. There is a sherry—and it is the sherry which is usually sold and drunk in this country—which is not wine at all, but simply alcoholic poison. The true character of "curious old port" is now beginning to be pretty well understood, and the consumption of this remarkable liquor is rapidly declining; but the virtues of sherry are still a popular superstition. Many people who would be shocked at the idea of drinking spirits, and especially raw spirits, think nothing of a glass of sherry; yet, in the majority of cases, the sherry is only cheap bad brandy disguised as wine. At Blackburn, the other day, a man drank four gills of sherry, and died from the effects of the dose. This event has given rise to an interesting correspondence in the *Times* as to the adulteration of sherry, and also as to whether there is really such a thing as pure natural sherry in existence as an article of commerce. One writer, with the benevolent intention of making "the question clearer to that large portion of the public who enjoy a glass of sherry," and allaying "the nervous fears of moderate wine-drinkers," stated, as the result of many hundred tests which he had performed on the *mosto*, or young wine, in Spain, that 26 per cent. of proof-spirit is the average strength naturally generated in sherry. Upon this Mr. Denman, the wine-merchant, at once pointed out that the average strength of Spanish wines as first manufactured is only about 22 per cent.; but that the sherry of commerce is rarely, if ever, imported containing less than 38 to 40 per cent. of proof-spirit, and that, by the rule for fortifying wines, wine containing 22 per cent. requires 30 gallons per cent. of proof-spirit, and at 26 per cent. 23 gallons, to bring it up to 40 per cent. This was confirmed by Mr. W. Burton, who was formerly connected with the Custom House, and who stated, as the result of many thousand tests made in the London Custom House, that the average strength of sherry as it is imported to this country and passed into consumption, is not less than 37 per cent. of proof-spirit, and some parcels contain as much as 46 and even 50 per cent. Therefore, taking the strength of sherry in its first stage at 26 degrees of proof-spirit, more than 18 per cent. of proof-spirit must have been added to bring the strength up to the lowest average of the imported wine. It can hardly be wondered at that, after such disclosures as these, the large portion of the public who enjoy a glass of sherry should become rather nervous; and indeed it is very desirable that they should become nervous, and should take fright in good time. A wine-merchant appears to think that he has settled the question by saying that we must distinguish between pure sherry as known to England and pure sherry as known in Spain, and that the latter would be unsaleable in England. Wine-merchants are certainly not bound to keep on sale what is unsaleable; but it does not follow that they are entitled to sell any sort of noxious drug which people are foolish enough to buy.

There is of course nothing new in these revelations as to the real character of the sherry of commerce; but the mischief which is done by the consumption of this disguised alcohol is so serious that no opportunity should be lost of drawing attention to it. If a man chooses to drink whisky or brandy with his eyes open, and knowing what he is about, there are no means of preventing him; and, as he is aware of the nature and qualities of the potion, he will

probably be on his guard against its effects. But the people who drink the sort of sherry we have been speaking of flatter themselves that they are very moderate and temperate in their indulgence, and poison themselves under the delusion that they are taking only a mild tonic. What they are actually drinking is a dram of alcohol, sweetened with sugar and mixed with a flavouring of some common Spanish, or perhaps French, wine. The usual price in an hotel or at a drinking-bar for this concoction is 6d. a glass. Its value is something less than a penny. In England the cost of alcohol is from 1s. 11d. to 2s. a gallon, with the addition of 10s. to the revenue. The consumption of sherry is probably decreasing in private houses, but it is increasing at the refreshment-bars which are springing up all over London, and which are doing a great deal more than the public-houses to ruin the constitutions of the rising generation. A steady bout of drinking, ending in stupor, on the whole does less harm than the pernicious practice of taking nips at intervals during the day, thus keeping the stomach in a state of perpetual irritation, exciting a false thirst which grows by indulgence, shaking the nerves, and finally perhaps producing paralysis. Even the better sort of sherry is apt to have a bad effect on the temper of people who drink it, but bad sherry is of course an inflammatory agent of the most malignant kind. A statistical estimate of the number of glasses of sherry which are tossed off in the City between eleven and four in the day would probably be somewhat startling; and any doctor who has practice among this class of patients could tell a melancholy story of the results. The most abominable stuff which is sold as sherry is of course the forged wine of Hamburg, which is variously known as Elbe sherry, vatted sherry, and Hamburg sherry, and to which pushing dealers give names of their own invention. This atrocious compound has been described as a preparation of neutralised acid wine, Elbe water, potato spirit, capillaire, and chemical flavouring matter. It is believed, however, that the importation of this stuff has been declining for some years. But what we wish to point out is that even in the more honest kinds of sherry the proportion of alcohol is excessive. This is proved by the Custom House tests to which Mr. Burton has referred. There is a story of a Scotch blacksmith who was a deep drinker, but who had never been seen really drunk. Some of his friends one night played a trick on him which brought him under the table. They set before him a bottle of whisky and a jug of hot whisky, which he took for hot water, and he was surprised to find that the more water he put in his toddy the stronger it became. The fortifying processes which are applied to sherry are of a similar character. The manufacturer in Spain adds so much alcohol, and the wine-merchant in England adds so much more. According to competent authorities, sherry (and we are now speaking of the better qualities of this wine), after it has undergone a certain amount of fermentation, receives an addition of spirit—said to be six gallons per butt—and another four gallons on being shipped. Next there is an addition of so much "mother wine"—old brood wine kept for the purpose—to give flavour; while richness and colour are produced by an infusion of the "Doctor," composed of wine made from juice concentrated by boiling. When it comes to England more brandy is added, and there is a great deal of mixing of different wines. Dr. Thudichum states, as the result of his observation and experiments, that "caramel," used for producing colour, contains from 35 to 50 per cent. of proof spirit; and that the "dulce" which is added to give sweetness to the brew, contains about 33.78 per cent. of proof spirit. Ultimately brandy is added to the mixture to the extent of fortifying it up to 35 as the minimum, most frequently up to 40 or 42, and sometimes up to 50 per cent. of proof spirit. Dr. Thudichum remarks that this is not, in the ordinary sense, a process of adulteration, but the regular process of manufacture, and suggests that it may be a question whether it leaves much room for adulteration, and whether, in fact, all sherry is not adulterated from the first. He also points out that the must is further adulterated by the addition of a large quantity of plaster of Paris, and that, while bakers are prosecuted and fined for adding a trifling quantity of alum to their bread, plastered wine is regarded as a natural and legitimate preparation.

The usual argument in favour of alcoholizing sherry is that it is a wine which will not keep unless it is fortified in this way. Anybody who wishes to know the value of this argument cannot do better than consult Dr. Druitt's amusing and instructive *Report on Cheap Wines*, of which a new edition, re-written and enlarged, has just been issued. He shows, first, that fermentation, being checked in the first instance by the use of alcohol, begins again, and has to be again checked by further doses of spirit; and that the effect of alcohol is to kill the virtues of the grape juice, and to produce headache and dyspepsia. He next shows that when wine is properly made it does not require fortifying; and he quotes the evidence of Dr. Gorman, Physician to the late British Factory at Cadiz, and long a resident in Spain, who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1852. Dr. Gorman stated that no natural sherry comes to this country; it is all mixed and brandied, and the less mature and less perfectly fermented the wine is, the more brandy is added to preserve it. "It is not," he added, "necessary to infuse brandy into any well-made sherry wine; if the fermentation is perfect, it produces alcohol sufficient to preserve the wine for a century in any country." Speaking generally, Dr. Druitt observes that good old sherry is a most valuable cordial and stomachic, and has marvellous uses in stimulating a feeble heart and making a refractory stomach do its work; but

good sherry is expensive, and cheap sherry is suspicious. Bad sherry he divides into two kinds—the sickly and the sad. Under the first head he includes "those detestable liquids, hot, fiery, and yet sickly-sweet, that are advertised incessantly as the 'Marylebone,' the 'People's Sherry,' and the 'Lord Mayor's Own,' &c., &c." By sad sherry he means a dry liquid, oftener hotter than spirit of wine could make it, thin, with little body, but with a smell like that of nitric ether, and utterly destitute of the taste of wine. There are also, he says, some natural or unbranded sherries of low price, which keep very badly, are very thin and flat, have no body, and are not wholesome, and seem to have had their acidity neutralized by artificial means. On the whole, Dr. Druitt does not give an encouraging account of sherry, and his advice is to avoid it, unless it is known to be really good, and to resort as a substitute to the light wines of other countries. We are quite disposed to agree with him in thinking that the ordinary sherry of commerce is about the most unwholesome thing under the sun, and that everything should be done to discredit it, not only on account of the rogueries connected with its manufacture, but on account of its bad effects on the physical and moral condition of those who drink it; but we doubt whether the wines which he recommends can be altogether regarded as a substitute. The great recommendation of sherry for ordinary middle-class people is, we imagine, that it is a wine which can be kept in a decanter, and which is consequently always at hand, and can be served in small quantities at a time. The light wines which find favour with Dr. Druitt, and which are no doubt excellent in their way, are bottled wines; so that if you want only a glass, a bottle must be opened, and in the case of most of these wines what is left is more or less spoilt. The problem would seem to be to produce a popular unbranded wine which will keep fresh and good for some time after the bottle has first been opened. Some of the Hungarian and Greek wines perhaps answer this description; but French and German wines certainly lose their flavour and freshness when opened and corked up again. It is a pity that there is no association of rational temperance people to take up the question.

ANCONA.

THE wayfarer through the streets of Rome has his eye struck, in many of the open places of the city, by some monument of the old days of Paganism crowned with some Christian emblem, and inscribed with the legend which tells how such or such a Pope—stout Sixtus the Fifth perhaps oftener than any other—cleansed the heathen structure from all impiety and dedicated it to the service of the true faith. Such a christening of Trajan's column more than twelve hundred years after the conversion of Constantine awakens amusement rather than sympathy; but the case is very different when we come to works which underwent the like change when the new faith was still in the full glow of its first triumphs, when Paganism was still a real and living enemy—an enemy decaying perhaps and trodden down, but an enemy which still was not dead, and which, as one great example showed, might spring up again with renewed strength at least for a season. In these days we can fully go along with the feeling which changed the basilica into the church, and the throne of the judge into the chair of the bishop—which turned the temple of all the gods into the church of all the martyrs—nay, even with the spirit which bore away the marble columns as trophies from the vanquished heathen, and reared them again in new forms and for new uses in the long-drawn arcades of the earliest churches of Rome and of Ravenna. But there are cases in which nature seems to have done the work without the help of man, or rather cases in which man has done the work by a happy choice of sites which of themselves seem to proclaim the triumph of the new creed over the old. Let us stand on the quay of Ancona, and turn away our eyes from the noble bay, with the long line of its coast dotted with towns and castles, and with the mountains rising behind them. Let us turn our eyes inland, and from several happily chosen spots the view immediately before us seems a worthier symbol of the great change that has come over the world than the half-spitful device of surmounting the monuments of Trajan and Antoninus with objects of Christian reverence. Close before us rises the arch of Trajan, where the prince to whom his own and later ages decreed the title of the Best is celebrated, not for any of his warlike exploits, not for adding provinces beyond the Danube and the Tigris, but for the more useful task of finishing the work on which we are standing, the great mole of the harbour of Ancona. Through the narrow arch, from a well-chosen spot—soaring above the arch and all that it supports, from a spot still better chosen—we see the peninsular hill which rises above the port and city, itself crowned by the stately Duomo of Ancona, the church of the martyr Cyriacus. The Christian temple seated on its lordly height seems to look down with an eye of silent rebuke upon the monument of the prince who condemned Ignatius to the lions. The moral of the group is perhaps disturbed rather than heightened when we carry our inquiries further, when we learn that the church of St. Cyriacus is itself an example of the less noble form of Christian triumph—that it has taken the place and grown out of the materials of the chief temple of the city in heathen times. We could perhaps rather have wished that the triumph of the new faith on such a site had been embodied in some building wholly the design of

Christian skill and the work of Christian hands, a building which owed nothing to the despoiling of the holy places of the fallen creed. But from the points of which we speak thoughts of this kind cannot suggest themselves. The Duomo of Ancona, as seen from the mole, as seen anywhere from the outside, is a building whose forms are purely and eloquently Christian. Unlike the earlier basilicas of Ravenna and Rome, it is not satisfied to be all glorious within; it has its external outline, the outline of the now triumphant cross, the four arms joining to support the cupola as the crown of the whole, as distinctly marked as in any minster of England or Normandy. The cupola instead of the massive tower, the detached campanile, unworthy as it is of the building to which it belongs, tell us that we are not in Normandy or in England, but in Italy. But another feature of the building tells us that we are in one of those spots of Italy on which influences from the other side of the Adriatic have left a lasting impress. The city which had once been the Dorian Ankon, the city which was to be the last fortress in Italy to be held by the troops of a Byzantine Emperor, not unfittingly shows the sign of kindred with the East in the form of the chief monument of its intermediate days. The Duomo of Ancona follows neither the oblong type of the basilicas nor the Latin cross of Pisa. The church which contains the columns of the temple of the Dorian Aphrodite is still so far Greek as to follow in its general plan the same Greek cross as St. Mark's, though without that further accumulation of many cupolas which makes the ducal church of Venice one of the many reminders that in the city of the lagoons we are in the Eastern and not in the Western world.

The city itself stands nobly, climbing the sides of the steep hill, of which the Duomo occupies, not indeed the highest, but the most striking point, the peninsular projection, the very elbow from which the place takes its name. Modern fortifications are spread over the heights through a vast range, but the precinct, first of the heathen and then of the Christian temple, remains free of access as when in ages past the seamen far away on the Adriatic greeted the first glimpse of the house of the patron goddess. From the porch of the church the eye ranges over the long line of coast, thickly strewed with towns and villages, and sheltered as it were by the mountain wall further inland, the barrier between the comparatively obscure shores of the great gulf and the more historic lands beyond the Apennines. We can well understand how attractive this noble bay with its sheltering hills must have seemed to colonists of early times; and we can picture to ourselves the struggles, the ups and downs, the abiding growth and the momentary checks, which must have been gone through by more civilized settlers planting themselves and their arts among the ruder native inhabitants. And from those days our thoughts float on to those far later days when the connexion of the Dorian city with the lands beyond the Adriatic was again renewed in so strange a form, when the cities of Italy allied themselves alike with the Pontiff of the Old Rome and with the Cæsar of the New, the better to shake off their allegiance to the King and Emperor whom they shared with the lands beyond the Alps. Fresh from the painted forms of Justinian and Theodora at Ravenna and of the triad of Heraclian Emperors at Classe, we feel it less amazing on the same coast to hear how the hosts of Manuel Komnenos appeared among the many foes of his Swabian rival—how it seemed for a moment possible that the Old Rome and her Pontiff should again return to the allegiance of the sovereigns from whom they had parted off at the election of the great Charles. We think of the great siege at the hands of Archbishop Christian, of the long endurance and hard privations so graphically set forth by a writer of the next age; and we feel that, after all, the place of Ancona in the world's history is one not to be despised. And we may think too how the long connexion of the city with the Eastern lands went on in yet another form, how the prosperity of Ancona in days nearer our own was largely due to trade with the lands whence her first settlers had come forth, and to the presence of fresh settlers from the same coast who found in her a harbour of refuge from then Turkish oppressors.

The church which has supplanted the ancient temple on the peninsular height is not wholly unworthy either of the lordly position on which it stands, or of the long train of associations which is called up by the prospect on which it looks down so proudly. The Greek cross perhaps makes us ask for the four subordinate cupolas gathering round the great centre, as in the three examples which form as it were the family tree of domical architecture, St. Sophia, St. Mark and St. Front at Périgueux. Our first feeling perhaps is one of puzzlement at the seemingly amazing length of the transepts and shortness of the nave. The south transept indeed, furnished as both of them are with aisles and finished with apses, might for a moment pass for the eastern limb. In fact, the western limb is internally the shortest of the four. Each consists of three bays, the eastern, northern, and southern being originally furnished with an apse. But the eastern apse has unfortunately given way to a square-ended edition of a somewhat later time, which greatly mars the general proportion of the building. It is easy to see that, in more than one point, changes have taken place in the details of the ornamental pilasters and arcades; but, except the awkward addition at the east end, there is nothing to interfere with the general character of the building as a pure, but not very rich, specimen of the Italian Romanesque at its best point, when it had shaken itself quite free from classical trammels and was not yet corrupted by hopeless imitations of Northern forms. The chief ornamental feature outside, the only feature where there is any

great degree of enrichment, is the magnificent western porch, with its many receding orders and its columns resting in true Italian fashion on the backs of lions, lions among the most lifelike of their kind. We fancy that in some of the orders the beginnings of pointed arches may be detected, but they do not thrust themselves into such prominence as seriously to interfere with the Romanesque purity of the building. The rest of the front is plain; there is no trace of the arcades of Pisa and Lucca, and Saint Zeno's wheel of fortune is, both here and in the transept, represented only by a simple circle. But when we have once taken in the peculiar arrangements of the church, the whole fits in well together, and the octagonal cupola on its square base rises well over its four supporting arms, far better than it could have done if the nave had attempted anything of basilican length. Within, an ingenious arrangement of pendentives supports it well over the four arches which bear it up, though we might have wished that they and the piers on which they rest had been made more prominent objects in the interior. The arches of the four limbs rest on monolith columns, the spoils of the ancient temple, and they are crowned by capitals of various forms, classical and quasi-classical, some almost barbaric in their foliage, but still all confining themselves to foliage, and not seeking for richness in the shape of human or animal forms. Those in the south transept are worthy of special study as showing some of the curious ways in which the volute and the other classical details might be used in the various attempts to avoid exposing the delicate work of the capital to the full weight of the arch which it had to bear. But the study of the columns and capitals in the Duomo of Ancona is a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Anconitan taste seemingly looks on a marble shaft and a Corinthian capital as something which is less of a thing of beauty than certain fragments of red rags with which the greater part of column and capital are carefully covered. The first impression is that the thing is a trick upon travellers, akin to the swindle of covering up pictures in order to get a franc by drawing back their curtains. But we suspect that pilgrims to St. Cyriacus do not come in such numbers that a trade of this kind would be likely to be profitable. The rags are meant as a permanent ornament; and they are found not only in the Duomo, but in a more thoroughgoing shape in the lower church of St. Mary, where the columns are so completely swathed that their material and the form of their capitals cannot be made out at all. In truth this wonderful notion of ornament is not peculiar to Ancona; to the shame of the Eternal City, it may be seen on certain high days in the patriarchal church of the world. And, after all, this display of Anconitan taste is not more wonderful than that which condemned the north transept and the crypt below it to be mercilessly Jesuited. The crypt under the southern transept has escaped; it keeps its natural columns, and it is rich in tombs and inscriptions of various dates and kinds, one of them in the Greek language, recording the burial-place of the martyr Dacios.

The narrow and winding streets of this hill city, many of which consist of actual stairs impassable for carriages, present many picturesque points, with peeps here and there of the hills and of the harbour; but besides the arch and the Duomo the only building worthy of special notice is the church which we have already mentioned as having its pillars so utterly shrouded from sight. Disfigured without mercy within, hemmed in among mean buildings without, furnished with an unworthy campanile, it still retains its west front of the very richest form of the more barbaric variety of the Italian Romanesque, that which departs most widely from classical and approaches most nearly to Northern forms. It is covered with arcades, with a magnificent doorway in the centre, and almost every arch of the design is living with figures, human, animal, and vegetable. The doorway is utterly unlike its equally splendid neighbour in the Duomo. It has, in fact, not only a Northern, but, one might almost say, an Irish or North Welsh character, in its utter rejection of the column in favour of a system of members, square and round, continued round both jamb and arch, the round members being repeatedly banded in a way which, to the few who have made their way to so wild a spot, will at once suggest the grand doorway of Strata Florida in Cardiganshire. Having thus come down to the lower town, we flit once more to the mole and the arch of Trajan. Tall, narrow, and simple, it stands with a dignity worthy of the prince whose name it bears, a contrast alike to the rudeness of some arches of the kind and to the overdone splendour of others. No greater contrast of proportion can be found than between the arch of Augustus at Rimini and the arch of Trajan at Ancona. Difference of position may perhaps account for it. One stands by itself as a monument, the other spans a street, and is practically a gateway. The arch at Ancona has the great advantage of omitting the sham pediment, the worst of all the features of the Greek masks with which the Roman architects faced their own constructions. The actual beauty of columns goes far to excuse them, even when constructively they are meaningless; but the sham pediment is a mere sham, and an ugly sham; it is a sign of advance in Trajan's architect at Ancona to have got rid of it.

STEAM IN THE STREETS.

THERE is nothing more wonderful or amusing in its way than the idea which appears to possess various small knots and cliques of people that the whole world has been created solely for the purpose of providing them with a field for the exercise of their

private schemes and crotchets. There is an old story of a ship captain who admitted that land was very useful as something to anchor at and to get provisions from; and Brindley, the civil engineer, informed a Committee of the House of Commons that the object of rivers was to feed canals. At the present day there are many worthy persons who seem to imagine that rivers are natural sewers, and that their only purpose in the great scheme of Providence is to save manufacturers the trouble and expense of consuming or otherwise disposing of their refuse. But the most amazing delusion of this kind is that with which the tramway fanatics or speculators have been seized. They have apparently satisfied themselves that roads are constructed by the public merely in order that they may be handed over to Tramway Companies. The broom-maker who stole twigs for the purposes of his business was puzzled to understand how his rival could afford to undersell him, until he heard that the other stole the brooms ready-made. The Railway Companies have to purchase land, and to construct their own lines; but the Tramway Companies enjoy the advantage of having their roads made for them by the public. There can be no doubt that tramway cars are very convenient for the people who ride in them, and they are supposed to repay the ingenious audacity of their projectors; but, on the other hand, the public at large is deprived of the free use of its own highways. There are several important thoroughfares in London in which a succession of tramway cars are continually meeting abreast, so that there is barely room for a vehicle to pass on either side, even supposing the side to be clear; and as there are frequently carts or carriages waiting by the kerb, it follows that the effect of the tramways is practically to block up the whole space. In other instances the tramway cars can be passed only on one side, and that with difficulty. A District Superintendent of Police reports that "one part of the Clapham Road has for nearly two years been in such a state that it has been almost impossible to pass with a light carriage from one side of the road to the other, the tramway rails standing about an inch and a half or two inches above the level of what was once a good road." The roads in Camberwell, Peckham, and Greenwich are also, he says, in a very bad state. Of course if everybody rode in tramways this might be endured. But then it is, even on the most liberal calculation, only a comparatively small fraction of the community which patronizes this mode of conveyance. There are carriages, carts, omnibuses, and all sorts of vehicles which require the use of the roads just as much as the tramway cars, and which are put to the greatest inconvenience, annoyance, and danger by the practical monopoly of public property which has been granted to private speculators.

All this is bad enough, but it turns out that it is only the thin end of the wedge. There are tramways and tramways; there are horse-tramways, and there are steam-tramways; and it is now gravely proposed that in London horses shall be replaced by locomotive steam-engines. The *Daily News*, which supports this pretty scheme, makes use of an argument which is no doubt regarded as unanswerable by the promoters of the project:—"It is said that the cost of working compared with horses is expected to be one-half." Here we have the profits of the Tramway Companies doubled at once. Surely this is enough. As the roads have been surrendered to the Tramway Companies, it would be inconsistent to object to their making as much out of them as possible. It is true it might be suggested that the danger of this class of conveyances to the public would be immensely increased if they were to be propelled by steam; but the promoters of the scheme have no doubt their answer ready—that, if the public is afraid of steam-engines in the streets, it has only to keep out of their way. The tramway people have perhaps some right to assume that, if the public had a notion of retaining any claim to the use of the roads, it would never have given them up to the tramways. We are also assured by the same journal that "no annoyance from the engine is experienced by passengers." Thus it appears that the new arrangement will suit both the people who ride in the tramway cars and the people who get an income out of them; and of course there are no other people in the world whose interest or convenience need be thought of for a moment. Nevertheless the writer is good enough to try to persuade the public that steam-tramways will not add very much to what it has already to endure. For instance, timid people may be afraid of explosions; but let them reflect "that steam-engines are at work in nearly every street in our towns, not only for manufactures and trade purposes, but for cooking, and for warming and ventilating houses and halls." There is thus peril on every side already, and a few more boilers ready to blow up is not worth speaking about. This is a line of argument which the writer might have found it worth while to work out a little more fully. Thus he might have said, Nothing can be much worse than the horse-tramways from which you now suffer in the interest of an impudent speculation; steam-tramways will be only one drop more. They may perhaps drive all other traffic more effectually off the roads on which they are used; but it has very nearly come to this already. Steam-tramways will probably be more destructive to the roads, and will frighten the horses and make them turn round and bolt the other way; but the roads are so bad already, and driving is so dangerous, that it is desirable on public grounds that people who are foolish or reckless enough to think of using roads which are occupied by the tramways should have their horses frightened off in a safer direction. The writer in the *Daily News* comes to the conclusion that the "only ground for fear is that which the engines may provoke in horses which they will pass in their routes"; and of course a trifle of this kind is hardly worth mentioning, except

to show that it may perhaps be rather for the good of the community than otherwise.

We have already had some experience of locomotive steam-engines on the public highways. Occasionally in the country a solemn procession is met with. First comes a man with a red flag, which sends your horse shying into the hedge. When you have passed this startling object, you are immediately confronted by a monster on large wheels, groaning, spluttering, shrieking, emitting volumes of black smoke, and scattering behind it a trail of red-hot cinders. After this in all probability you will know nothing more; but, if you are not killed on the spot, some friend may perhaps tell you, as you lie in dismal panoply of plaster and splints, which way it was that your horse fled, and where you were picked up insensible. A Select Committee of the House of Commons took some one-sided evidence on this subject last year, and came to the conclusion that it was the red flag which frightens horses, and that they rather like steam-engines than otherwise. It is of course obvious that a horse which is frightened by a flag must be such a remarkable and self-possessed animal that it would not be in the least put out by the most awful puffing and blowing and screeching on the part of a steam-engine. A manufacturer of road-engines who was examined before the Committee could not account for the perversity of horses who did not like engines, but he supposed that "some horses are bad the same as some human beings are, and there are also fools among horses the same as there are fools among human beings." He urged that all horses which shied at an engine should be shot. Another manufacturer thought it was the fault, not of the horses, but of the drivers, but he did not go so far as to propose to have them shot. A third took the matter philosophically. "No doubt," he said, "there may be a certain number of accidents; accidents will happen from a variety of causes." If, however, by any chance you should get your horse past an apparition of this kind, you would be pretty sure to find the road ploughed up in front of you. The manufacturers of engines, who were the principal witnesses examined, were all convinced that, if engines caused accidents, it must be the horses or the drivers who were to blame; and that, if they broke down bridges and cut up roads into pits and holes, it was because the public did not make sufficiently good roads for their purposes. It is therefore suggested that an Act should be passed to compel the public to reconstruct the roads to suit the convenience of traction-engines.

It might be pleaded that in the country life is so wretchedly dull that almost any sort of excitement ought to be welcomed; but we have surely enough excitement in town. When anything particularly absurd and outrageous is proposed to be done nowadays the excuse is always that it will educate somebody. Give ignorant labourers votes, we are told, and they will at once become statesmen and political economists. Give women votes, and they will immediately beat men in every branch of reasoning and science. In the same way, it is suggested that if you only allow horses to be run down often enough by steam-engines, it will expand their minds, and enable them to enter more fully into the spirit of the age. It is proposed that the terror of the country roads should be let loose upon the crowded thoroughfares of London. Already we have tramways, butcher-boys, railway carmen (as if their masters did not do enough in killing off people on their own lines), and Thuggish cabbies; and amongst them they get through a very fair amount of slaughter in a year. And now to these varied and active agencies of destruction are to be added steam-tramways. It requires very little consideration to see how admirably adapted London, with its narrow streets, overflowing traffic, and incessant movement to and fro, is for an experiment of this kind. The writer to whom we have already referred feels confident that steam-engines will soon supersede horse-power on all our tramways; but another less enthusiastic journalist suggests that "the defect about this steam-car appears to be the difficulty of stopping it within given distances—in fact, to have its movements under control." After all, however, this is only a detail, affecting nothing more than the safety of the public; the great thing is that it will enable the Tramway Companies, who at present, although they get the roads for nothing, have to pay for their horses, to reduce their working expenses by one-half. And what is mere safety of life and limb to this?

WASHED-OUT HEROISM.

IT is perhaps our fault that we do not see that the Early Heroes of Temperance, who are canonized in a little volume that has just reached us, were particularly heroic. We would, if we could, "do justice to the courage" which led one of these heroes forty-seven years ago to utter his mind freely on the subject of intemperance, only we cannot discover anything particularly courageous in his conduct. We are under the impression that England and the United States have been free countries for much more than forty-seven years, and that throughout this century it has been distressingly difficult for enthusiasts on either side of the Atlantic to accomplish anything that can reasonably be called martyrdom. Dr. Lynan Beecher composed and published six sermons on intemperance, and "we remember reading them when a boy." If there can be any heroism in connexion with sermons, it might be expected that the hearer, and not the preacher, would exhibit it. The author may have shown boldness of imagery in these discourses; but that is a very safe kind of heroism. Mr. Dunlop, a Scotchman,

shows better claim to the title of hero; for, after visiting France, he had the boldness to confess that his own was not the most moral country in the world. To him is ascribed the merit of proposing an association and pledge in Scotland. He brought forward this proposal at a meeting of twenty influential gentlemen, who did not seem to see much in it until one of the party, "prompted unquestionably by the Great Mover of all, rose, and with considerable emotion stated that the painful subject of intemperance had occupied his mind for several years, and that the hopeless consideration of the mournful case had not unfrequently kept him from sleep during the night." Here, at any rate, was something like a hero, and his resolution awakened others who spoke strongly in favour of something being done. Ministers at first looked coldly on Mr. Dunlop, but all this is changed now, as appears by the recent example of "the President of the Wesleyan Conference, himself an abstainer, when he alluded in dignified yet reproving terms to ministers who fancied they could not preach two sermons on a Sunday without resorting to stimulants." We fear there are a good many ministers who entertain this fancy. One of Mr. Dunlop's converts had at any rate the heroism to confess that he was not a hero. He became an "unpledged abstainer," and he says that he continued thus for about three months amid sneers and ridicule. He then dined out, and after dinner a tumbler was placed before each gentleman of the party that he might make toddy for himself and a lady. He begged to be excused, but his host told him that he could not refuse to make toddy for a young lady; and as he was young and the lady was agreeable, his host was right. "You will not greatly marvel that I made it and shared it with my lady friend." But he then and there resolved to become "a pledged abstainer." We obtain from this story a clear conception of the value of a pledge. The lady by whose side this young and unpledged abstainer was seated does not seem to have been of the sort for whom "Drink to me only with thine eyes" was written. She was prepared to take her honest share of toddy, and would have been surprised if her companion had declared his intention to be content with kisses. But it seems that the existence of this pledge would remove temptation and silence importunity. Our own experience of society has perhaps been gained in circles ill adapted for the development of heroism. We are insensible of any difficulty in abstinence, pledged or unpledged, and we are tempted to beg these heroes to abstain, and make no fuss about it. The heroism of Mr. Dunlop was, however, combined with common sense. He said in 1862 that a Maine Law, in all its wholesome vigour, laid on Great Britain at that moment, would have to be repealed in a few months. He said further that he who demands a Maine Law demands what would virtually force the community to give up drinking intoxicating liquor altogether. He adds that a state of national adaptation, which he implies has not yet been attained, is clearly a pre-requisite for any effective prohibitory law. All this is rational, although not particularly heroic. He desired "fundamental operations," instead of superficial agitation and petitions to an unpledged Legislature; but he had at the same time the shrewdness to perceive that a definite object like the Maine Law would be far more attractive to earnest-minded men than "measures favourable to general temperance." We admire the sagacity of Mr. Dunlop, but we rather demur to the twice-repeated character given of him by his biographer. The statement that he was "a Christian patriot and philanthropist" sounds like a declaration of opinion that there may be patriots and philanthropists who are not Christians.

The next on the list is a real hero, and no mistake. Professor Edgar, an Irishman, "inaugurated his splendid temperance career by opening his parlour-window and pouring out into the court before his house the remaining part of a gallon of old malt whisky, purchased some time before for family consumption." One of the early difficulties of the movement seems to have been that those who abjured wine and spirits did not know what to take in place of them. A young man who, if not a hero, was a genius, "with his eyes sparkling with hilarity and glee," proposed that the Committee should have a tea-meeting. The President is thought to have shown boldness in taking up this idea, which was successful. The first of innumerable tea-meetings was held on a cold and stormy evening in December 1829, and "it passed off very favourably." "From this idea," says the author, "a vast amount of pure and innocent enjoyment has resulted," and yet those who proposed it seem to have been uneasy at the ridicule of their friends, who called the entertainment a "tea-fuddle." A ticket for the first tea-meeting ever held in Scotland is said to be in existence, and it ought certainly to find a place in the South Kensington Museum, although we should judge from a facsimile which is given of it that as a work of art it is not remarkable. We come now to England, where the temperance cause has been much indebted to the "venerated" William Morgan, and the "intelligent and generous-hearted" Thomas Beaumont, "both of whom," says the writer, "I doubt not are now in Heaven." It occurs to us that the author can have no special ground for the confidence which he here assumes, and probably he means no more than to assert that patriots and philanthropists who are also Christians do go to Heaven. Without questioning this assertion, we may remark that they get there on easy terms. Indeed the heroes of this book seem, according to the author of it, to have made a tolerably good thing out of both this world and the next. William Collins, also "now in Heaven," inflicted on himself a kind of martyrdom by thumping the desk in preaching, until his hand became sore, and he was obliged to have a pillow placed to receive the thumping. Mr. Livesey narrated to the author the incident which

led to his becoming an abstainer. He called at the house of a Scotch friend in Preston, where he lived, and the friend, according to custom, brought the whisky bottle on the table, and invited Mr. Livesey to take a glass, which he did, filled up with water. He took only a single glass, yet he felt much the worse for it, and in the evening was very unwell. "As the father of a family, and as one connected with several useful movements, and having a strong feeling on the then prevailing intemperance amongst all classes, he considered that he should be doing best to abstain altogether, and next morning he made a vow to that effect, which he has solemnly and religiously kept to the present day."

It seems wonderful that these petty personal details should be preserved for forty years and published. But doubtless the author thinks that a special Providence caused Mr. Livesey to be "very unwell," in order that his powerful aid might be secured to the cause of abstinence. That cause has owed much to fluent speech, and something very important—namely, the name "teetotaler"—to stammering. Mr. Livesey came to London, and he and a friend engaged a room for lecturing. Then they went into the streets and rang a bell, and invited people to their meeting. They had not gone far when a policeman tapped one of them on the shoulder, and stated that if they did not stop that he should be obliged to take them into custody. Mr. Livesey was once very ill, and a doctor urged him to take some alcoholic stimulant; but, as he said afterwards, "he was prepared to die, but he was not prepared to dishonour the glorious cause" of teetotalism. Mr. Mason, who had been trained for a prize-fighter, was employed to keep the door at an hotel where a ball was given. But ere this, says he, he had heard the sound of the Gospel trumpet, and had experienced in truth the Spirit's enlightening influence. "And the more I gazed on that frightful picture before me at that ball, I felt it to be a sort of hell upon earth." So deep was the lesson on his mind, and the impression on his heart, that he was afraid that in righteous vengeance the wicked multitude would be swallowed up by an earthquake. Under this alarming conviction he ran away "as fast as if the devil was intent to stop me." Indeed, hearing "a trampling uproar" behind him he gave a kick at "the enemy of souls," like one horse kicking at another, and away he ran, and he trusts that the bond was broken for ever. In early days in Scotland and Ireland abstinence from spirits alone was inculcated by these missionaries, but as beer was almost unknown as an article of consumption, the practical result was that of total abstinence. It appears, however, that Mr. Mason allowed himself to take beer for some years after he had become a lecturer on temperance. He adopted the stricter pledge under the influence of the zeal of other missionaries of the same cause. The biographer says with much simplicity that he received "an English education," but he learned nothing of Greek or Latin, and "for the accuracy which he afterwards acquired as an English speaker he was chiefly indebted to the circumstance of having mingled a good deal in respectable society where the language was correctly spoken." This statement is in several respects remarkable. Mason was by trade a carpenter and builder, and the "English education" which he received was, we presume, such as was deemed suitable to his calling. The biographer assumes that it did not suffice to enable him to speak English accurately, but he thinks that, with the help of instruction in Greek or Latin, it would have sufficed. This is our own opinion as to the value of classical teaching, but we did not expect to find confirmation of it in the life of a teetotal lecturer. On such authority, however, we feel justified in assuming that Greek and Latin are equivalent to respectability.

DRAMATISTS AND CRITICS.

EVERYBODY will agree that a very reasonable verdict has been returned by the jury in the action for libel which was brought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatic writer, against the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Gilbert complained of a letter which had appeared in that journal, in which "much coarseness, both of general idea and of detail," was imputed to his fairy comedy, the *Wicked World*. The writer remarked that "the whole scene between the rowdies Ethais and Phyllon and the ladies, where Ethais tells Selene that on earth it is a mark of the greatest respect towards any one to place the arm round his or her waist and imprint a tender kiss on his or her lips, and where the free indulgence of such marks of respect calls from the ladies the exclamation that they are very pleasant, seems to me in its general suggestion both vulgar and coarse—vulgar, through the air of barmaidish sentiment running through it, and coarse by the exhibition of endearments lavished on creatures in whom manner and bearing are doubtfully attractive." He also said that "the scene where the sisters taunt Selene for her vigil seems to me simply indecent." It should be observed that the *Pall Mall Gazette* had previously, in its own person, spoken not unfavourably of this play, and had apparently not discovered any impropriety in it. The letter which was alleged to be libellous was intended by the writer as a protest against the exaggerated praise which, in his opinion, had been bestowed by the critics generally, including, we may suppose, the critic of the *Pall Mall*, on what he regarded as a coarse and rather indelicate piece. In publishing the letter the editor of the *Pall Mall* may reasonably have imagined that he was only giving fair play to different opinions. He had given his own estimate of the piece, or at least the estimate of his dramatic critic; but he was quite willing that other people who took a different

view of the matter should be allowed to express their opinion too. It constantly happens that newspapers insert letters from correspondents in which statements are made which are not only not in accordance with, but in direct opposition to, their own opinions; and this will be acknowledged to be a very wholesome feature of English journalism. It promotes free discussion, and gives every side a hearing. At the same time it is of course indispensable that the proprietor of a newspaper should be held responsible for everything that appears in it, whether in an article or in a letter; for if it were not so, he would be enabled to publish libels with impunity under the cover of anonymous correspondence. If the jury had come to the conclusion that the letter about Mr. Gilbert's play contained a malicious slander, it would have been very proper that the *Pall Mall* should suffer for it; but in determining this question it was also necessary to remember that the *Pall Mall* was discharging an important function of journalism—that of giving expression, not only to its own opinions but to the opinions of the public. The case for the plaintiff was, that the imputations of the writer of the letter on the *Wicked World* were unfair in themselves, and that the *Pall Mall* generally, in noticing his other pieces, had not done justice to their merits. The Judge ruled that the Court could not go into the question of the fairness of the criticisms on Mr. Gilbert's other plays, but that they might be referred to as evidence of malice.

It is unnecessary for us to discuss the question of the morality of Mr. Gilbert's play. It did not occur to us that there was anything indecent in it when it was produced, and the jury have expressed an opinion that it is of an innocent character. This is probably the conclusion to which most people would come who had any acquaintance with dramatic literature, and were not too eager to look below the surface and to discover double meanings. But it does not follow that everybody is to be compelled, under penalties, to concur in this view. This is supposed to be a free country, but it would be a very odd sort of freedom if, because certain newspaper critics had not detected any impropriety in a play, nobody else were allowed to express a different opinion. Questions of decency are often, to a certain extent, questions of taste; and about questions of taste there is proverbially no end to controversy. The *Wicked World* is a picture of the disturbing influence of mortal love in a fairyland where it had previously never been known; and it must be admitted that this takes us upon rather delicate ground. To some it may seem to be the most pure and innocent story in the world; to others it may appear to be full of prurient suggestion. The author's counsel stated that the moral of the piece was that those who are not subject to temptation should not be too severe on those who are. This is an excellent moral, but a good moral does not necessarily make a moral play. If the temptation were very vividly depicted, it might help to enforce the moral, and yet give offence to a delicate mind. There is a naughty dance, which in France is not allowed to be performed publicly, but which, in a slightly modified form, may be witnessed almost any night in most of the London theatres; but its indecency is probably not discovered by a large part of the audience. It does not seem to us desirable to cultivate a very keen and active scent for improprieties of allusion or suggestion; but it would be monstrous that persons who were offended by a performance of this kind should not be permitted to say so. In the present instance a number of actors and dramatic critics were called as experts to say that they saw nothing wrong in the *Wicked World*. Mr. Buckstone was asked to give the Court an idea of how he looked at a particular part of the play, but his bashfulness overcame him. The jury were provided with copies of the book of the play, but it is a question whether they ought not to have attended an actual performance of it. It is obvious that a peculiar meaning may be given to a phrase by the gesture which accompanies it. This indeed was one of the points raised in a recent case in which a well-known dramatic author claimed damages for a charge of having produced an indecent work on the stage. A passage was cited which appeared innocent in itself, but it was alleged that the way in which the actor spoke the words, and the action he used, invested the passage with a gross meaning. This is one of the difficulties with which the dramatic censorship has to contend. The censor may be satisfied with the dialogue of a piece, but on the stage the dialogue may acquire a meaning which he never dreamt of. Not long ago a French comedy was licensed and performed in London, but the licence was withdrawn on account of a scene in which a married lady is chased by a lover round the room. A compromise was arrived at by which the chase was to be only twice round the table, and a visitor was to interrupt the interview at a somewhat earlier moment, and the licence was then renewed. On the whole, a healthy sentiment will not be too prone to detect indelicate insinuations; but there can be no better guarantee of the decency of the stage than perfect freedom of criticism.

This case is important not so much in itself, as in its general bearing on the privileges and responsibilities of criticism. Mr. Justice Brett laid down the law on this point very clearly and concisely. He told the jury that the question they had to decide was, not whether the strictures in the letter were just, but whether it was written with a malicious intention. No matter how hostile or wrong the criticism might be, if it were confined to the work under consideration and to the mode of its execution, and did not travel out of the work for the purposes of slander, it was privileged. But, if words were used which were defamatory of the author personally, this would be evidence from which they might draw a con-

clusion as to whether the criticism was fair. It was clear, he said, that the mere fact that a man had written a play or published a book would not justify imputations on his life and character; nor, on the other hand, could critics be strictly limited to mathematically accurate reviews. It seems to us that this is not only sound law, but plain common sense. If, in this case, the inference had been drawn from passages in the *Wicked World* that Mr. Gilbert was a person of immoral character, he would very properly have been entitled to a verdict and heavy damages; but, in regard to the character of the play itself, there ought to be a large—we do not say unlimited—freedom of opinion. The most atrociously indecent publication known in the present day was issued under the auspices of a very pious nobleman and a number of clergymen. These gentlemen would certainly be entitled to protection against any attack on their private characters on account of this work, but it would be intolerable that the work itself should not be permitted to be denounced in the strongest language. In considering the extent to which freedom of criticism may be allowed, it is reasonable to observe the side to which criticism usually leans. Do people when they go to the theatre usually find that the pieces have been underrated or overpraised by the critics? Anybody who has read the conventional "Opinions of the Press" in a playbill can have no difficulty in answering this question. The truth is that great injustice is often done to mediocre actors and commonplace dramatists by the ridiculous and fulsome eulogy which is bestowed on their efforts by too kindly critics. It would give a zest to a dramatic performance if it were found to be, after all, better than the audience had been led to expect; but the tendency of criticism is usually the other way. It has been justly observed that a more robust style of criticism, if occasionally less agreeable to authors, would be more invigorating, and would be for the benefit of the public. However that may be, there should be no assumption of infallibility of judgment in matters of taste. The author and his friends may be right in thinking that his work is a triumph of pure literary art and lofty moral purpose; but other people have also a right to hold a different opinion. The jury, approaching the question in this case as Mr. Justice Brett advised them to do, not with feelings of sickly sentimentality, but as men of the world, returned the very sensible verdict that Mr. Gilbert's comedy and the *Pall Mall's* letter were both innocent. The dramatic author has thus vindicated the purity of his work, while the freedom of honest criticism has been fully sustained.

REVIEWS.

THE MEDIEVAL TALE OF TROY.*

THAT the heroes connected with the siege of Troy were not only familiar to scholars of the middle ages through the medium of Virgil, but that they and their adventures were subjected to strange modifications when they were transplanted to Western Europe and afforded subjects to romantic poets, is a fact generally known. But we doubt whether the fortunes they underwent from the eleventh till the end of the thirteenth century were ever more accurately traced or more succinctly described than by Dr. Dunger of Dresden. So completely is his book in the nature of a pedigree that he is able to supplement it with a pedigree drawn up in due form, by which the degrees of relationship between the several poems under consideration may be perceived at a glance.

Homer, as represented by "Pindarus Thebanus," of whom more presently, holds a place in this pedigree, but it would almost be complete without him. The intellectual ancestors of the mediæval poets who sing of Troy are Dares and Dictys Cretensis, both of whom were supposed in good old times to be writers of remote antiquity. Dares, whoever he was, meant himself to be the Dares mentioned by Homer (Il. v. 9).

* *Ἡν δὲ τις ἐν Τρόϊσσιν Δάρης, ἀφ' ἧντος, ἀπέμνησεν.*

The book of the so-called Dares which has come down to us is in Latin, and bears the title *Historia de excidio Troje*. Prefixed to it is a letter to the historian Sallust from Cornelius Nepos, stating that he found the original MS. in Athens, and has translated it into Latin in order that people may be more correctly informed about the siege of Troy than they have been hitherto. Dares, who actually witnessed the war, must needs be a much better authority than Homer, who did not live till many years afterwards. That Dares was really the Dares he pretended to be is, of course, not believed by any modern scholar; but a question has arisen whether his book ever existed in Greek at all. Dr. Dunger, after a careful examination of authorities, arrives at the conclusion that the ostensible translation which has come down to us is the original work, of which, we need not say, Cornelius Nepos is entirely innocent, and that this was written at a comparatively late period, but not later than the sixth century. The *Argonautæ* to which pseudo-Dares refers, he considers, after the comparison of the two works, to be the still extant, though rarely read, poem of Valerius Flaccus, who lived in the reign of Vespasian.

The work ascribed to Dictys Cretensis, which is in six books and bears the title *Ephemeris Belli Trojani*, likewise lays claim to great antiquity, its ostensible author being the Cretan Dictys,

* *Die Sage vom trojanischen Kriege in den Bearbeitungen des Mittelalters und ihren antiken Quellen.* Von Dr. Hermann Dunger. Leipzig: Vogel. 1869.

a comrade of Idomeneus and Meriones, who, after his return home, wrote it in the Phœnician tongue, and ordered it to be buried with him after his death. According to the prologue, it was discovered, after the tomb had been destroyed by an earthquake, by some shepherds, who sent it to Nero. The Emperor caused it to be translated into Greek. Of the Greek version not a trace is to be found, and all that is left us is a Latin translation by one L. Septimius. Dr. Dunger doubts the existence of the Greek translation altogether, and considers pseudo-Dictys just as much and just as little an authority as pseudo-Dares.

Dares in the middle ages was used much more largely than Dictys; but before we come to a more minute inspection of him and his intellectual progeny, we must give a passing notice of two early writers to whom he was unknown. One of them was Bernhardus Floriacensis, who lived in the eleventh century, and wrote in Leonine verse a poem "De Excidio Troje," of which the following odd lines, showing how much labour was expended to produce a hideous symmetry, are a specimen:—

Pergama flere vo-	} lo	fato Danais data so-	} lo
Solo rapta do-		capta reducta so-	
Exitiale so-	} na	que prima tenes Helico-	} na
Et metra me do-		promere posse bo-	

The other writer was Simon Capra Aurea (Chèvre d'or), who wrote in elegiacs an Iliad in two books.

We now come to Dares and his descendants. It cannot precisely be said of the patriarch, "gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo," but his principle is the same as that of the poets of whom Horace disapproves; that is to say, determined to record the two sieges of Troy, he begins with the expedition of the Argonauts. Jason, at the instigation of his uncle Pelias, King in the Peloponnesus, undertakes to proceed to Colchis, accompanied by his friends, whom Dares does not think it worth while to enumerate. "Qui vult eos cognoscere," he says, "*Argonautas legat.*" On their way they stop at the mouth of the Simois, but are no sooner landed than they are ordered by Laomedon, King of Troy, to quit the spot. They accordingly go their way, and the rest of the expedition is described with a brevity truly marvellous:—"Colchis profecti sunt, pellem abstulerunt, domum reversi sunt." Hercules, however, has not forgotten the affront at Troy, whither he betakes himself, accompanied by a band of heroes. The city is destroyed, Laomedon is killed, and his daughter Hesione falls to the lot of Telamon. Priam, the King's son, happened at the time to be absent on a warlike expedition; but he no sooner hears of the disaster at home than he returns with all his family, rebuilds the city in splendid style, and, after he has made himself sufficiently strong, despatches Antenor to Greece to demand the restoration of his sister. This being refused, Priam calls a meeting of his children and friends, and urges them to avenge the insult. His son Alexander begs to be sent to Greece, Venus having, as a reward for his judgment in her favour, promised him the most beautiful woman in that country; and, in spite of the warnings of Helenus, Panthus, and Cassandra, Priam's warlike scheme is approved by the people. Alexander sets sail for Greece and lands at the island Cytherea, whither also Helen repairs, allured by the report of his beauty. The enamoured Trojan carries her off at night and returns with her to Troy. General indignation is excited through Greece; a meeting of kings is held in Sparta; war is declared against Troy, and Agamemnon is elected chief of the expedition. Here comes a catalogue of ships, similar to that of Homer. The Greek forces assemble at Athens (not Aulis), and before their departure Achilles is sent to Delphi to consult the Oracle as to the issue of the war. He returns with the answer that the city will be taken in ten years, and is accompanied by the Trojan priest Calchas, who has been sent to the Oracle by the opposite party, but has been warned by the God to join the Greeks. He is well received, and the fleet sets sail; but the wind is unfavourable, and by the priests' advice it is moored at Aulis, where, by some process not explained, Agamemnon averts the wrath of Diana. Having left Aulis, the Greeks land safely at Tenedos, and while they are there an abortive negotiation for peace takes place. In the fight that immediately ensues Protesilaus is killed, and on the following day in a terrific battle Patroclus is killed by Hector, who is on the point of burning the ships, but, recognizing Ajax, the son of Telamon and Hesione, as his cousin, foregoes his purpose. After a two years' truce, solicited by the Greeks, the duel between Alexander and Menelaus takes place, which is interrupted by nightfall, and now there is a truce of three years, followed by a series of battles, until at last Hector is slain by Achilles. Shortly afterwards the crafty Greek Palamedes succeeds in deposing Agamemnon from his lofty state, and becomes chief in his stead. Battles and truces now alternate with each other, till, on one occasion, when the anniversary of Hector's death is solemnized before the gates of Troy, Achilles perceives Priam's daughter Polyxena, and, suddenly enamoured of her, privately sends a Phrygian slave to demand her hand. Priam will not consent to the union on any other terms than the departure of all the Greeks, and Achilles, not being able to prevail on them to make the desired retreat, retires sulkily from the contest. Palamedes is killed by Alexander, the ships are then set on fire, and are only saved by the valour of Ajax Telamon; but Achilles remains unmoved. In nine fierce battles the Greeks are hardly pressed, especially by Priam's youngest son Troilus; and Agamemnon, who has been restored to his pristine authority, prevails on Achilles to send his Myrmidons to the rescue. These are no match for the valiant young Trojan, and at last Achilles returns to the field and kills Troilus and Memnon of Ethiopia. Hecuba, burning to revenge the death of her best son, invites

Achilles to the temple of the Thymbræan Apollo, on the pretext of discussing the proposed marriage with Polyxena. Achilles, suspecting no ill, proceeds with his friend Antiochus to the temple, where he is murdered by Alexander. The Greeks are so distracted by the loss of their best warrior that they are on the point of returning home, but are warned by the Gods to persevere, assisted by his son. During the absence of Menelaus, who has gone to Scyros to fetch Neoptolemus, the Trojans find a new ally in Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons. Fortune seems to be once more on their side, but Neoptolemus makes his appearance in the Greek camp, and Penthesilea is killed. As, in spite of this reverse, Priam determines to continue the war, several Trojans of distinction, Antenor and Æneas at their head, resolve to surrender Troy to the Greeks, with whom they communicate through the medium of Polydamas; and it is not long before the Greeks enter the defenceless city by the Scean Gate, on the outside of which the head of a horse is painted. Most of the inhabitants, with the exception of the conspirators, are put to death, the city is destroyed, and the Greeks are about to return home, when they are detained by adverse winds, against which, according to Calchas, there is no remedy but the sacrifice of Polyxena on the tomb of Achilles. After a long search Polyxena is found in the house of Æneas, who has concealed her with a view to her safety. As a punishment Æneas is compelled to leave his country, and the daughter of Priam is sacrificed according to prescription.

What could not be found in Dares was for the most part supplied by Dictys Cretensis, the six books of whose *Ephemeris Belli Trojani* contain the history of the war from the rape of Helen to the return of the Greeks. He was, however, less in repute than Dares; for though his work is more agreeable reading, it had this disadvantage in the eyes of mediæval poets—that it was written with Greek proclivities, whereas Dares is staunch on the side of Troy. The whole age was under the influence of Virgil, and, as a matter of course, when the tale of Troy was told, the sympathies were always with the vanquished.

Other ancient works from which the mediæval writers derived their knowledge of the Trojan War were the *Metamorphoses* and *Heroides* of Ovid, and the *Achilleis* of Statius. The very slight mention that is made of Homer is not to be accounted for on the hypothesis that his works were inaccessible, since a Latin hexameter poem written by some unknown person ambitiously styling himself "Pindarus Thebanus," and entitled "Epitome Iliados Homerice," and embodying the substance of the Homeric story, was long current among mediæval scholars. Homer was comparatively slighted because he was thought an untrustworthy authority who had grossly perverted the truth, plainly stated by his conscientious predecessor Dares, who never outraged common sense by introducing gods and goddesses into the midst of human battles. There is no doubt that the so-called Dares takes what may be called a truly "rationalistic" view of the tale of Troy. As we have seen, he makes very moderate use of supernatural agency, and even reduces the wooden horse to a painting on a gate. That the admired Dares had nothing to do with the priest mentioned by Homer, but was a prosaic narrator of a comparatively recent date, of course never entered the heads of the admirers. Josephus Iscanus, an English monk who about the end of the twelfth century wrote a poem "*De Bello Trojano*," thus gravely rests the value of the "*Vates Phrygius*," as he calls him, on the unquestionable fact that he was an eyewitness of the battles he described:—

Mira quidem dicta, sed vera, advertite, pandam;
Nam vati Phrygio Martem certissimus index
Explicuit presens oculus, quem fabula nescit.

So says Iscanus, one of the most important of the mediæval poets who treated the subject in Latin. Equally important is Albertus Stadensis, a German abbot, who lived through the greater part of the thirteenth century, and wrote a "*Troilus*" which, according to Dr. Dunger, was never printed, and a MS. of which is only to be found in the Wolfenbüttel Library. Albertus seems to have been rather a facetious person, somewhat given to punning. Thus, he says:—

Æneus Æneas, cujus caput aenea cassis
Protegit—

with other pleasantries of a like kind. Like Iscanus, he used Dares as his principal source, and, speaking of himself, thus bears testimony to the value of his authority:—

Nulla poetarum posuit signenta, Daretis
Historiam, soliti scribere vera, tenens.
Et Phrygius fuit iste Dares et tempore belli
Ipse quidem miles proelia rite refert.

No Homeric nonsense or anything of that kind! Stick to your Dares, who only wrote about what he saw. Albertus, however, aspires to a license similar to that claimed by Thukydides:—

Hunc (Daretem) sequor adiciens interdum verba virorum
Quasi loquebantur vel potuere loqui.

However, with all his professed rigour, Albertus has allowed himself to make use of Dictys, Ovid, Virgil, the Christian Paulus Orosius, and even Pindarus Thebanus. In like manner Iscanus has used Dictys, Ovid, and Statius. The work of Albertus was not altogether a labour of love, and he felt so sadly bored at following Dares through dry descriptions of battles that he sought solace in laughing at himself:—

Ridetur chorda qui semper oberrat eadem
Quamvis sit doctus et citharista bonus.
Vocibus instare nos semper oportet eisdem
Sternuntur, sternunt, milia multa cadent.

There is a humour in the above which tempts one to overlook false quantities.

These Latin tellers of the tale, students of the cloister, intended to be classical in their style, and to follow as best they might in the steps of the antique. But with the courtly lay poets of France and Germany who wrote in their respective vernaculars it was otherwise. To their eyes the whole story became an affair of chivalry, like the *Cycles* of Arthur or Charlemagne. The hero becomes a knight who fights in honour of his lady-love, the Gods dwindle down into magicians. When Herbert of Fritslar sings of Hercules, he gives him the old Hesse-Thuringian coat of arms. Konrad of Würzburg introduces among the chiefs of ships *Cursalion* of Hungary, *Levant* of Scotland, *Anachel* of England, and other imaginary heroes, who are more remote from myths than myth is from history. As a theatrical manager would say, the whole thing comes out with "new scenery, dresses, and decorations."

The oldest of what we may call the romantic poets who have treated the subject, older indeed than Iscanus and Albertus, was Benoit de Saint-More, a French *trouvère*, probably of Touraine, who flourished about the middle of the twelfth century; and who, besides a version of the *Æneid* and a history in rhyme of the Duke of Normandy, wrote a long "roman de Troyes" in 30,000 lines of this kind:—

Ceste estoire nest pas usee,
Nen gaires leus non est trouvee,
Ja retraite non fust ancore
Mes Benoiz de Sainte More
La retraite faite edite, &c.

The poet, who writes in the third person, boasts, as will be seen, that he has rescued the story from oblivion; but there is no doubt that his chief authority is Dares, whom he indeed mentions as "Daires," and that he also uses Dictys, Virgil, and Ovid. It seems that he also avails himself of a new source of information—the "Cosmography" of Julius Honorius Orator, once ascribed to Julius Cæsar. Nor does he scruple to enliven his narrative with episodes of his own invention, and to him we are apparently indebted for the first mention of the loves of Troilus and Briseida—a lady who is not to be confounded with the Briseis of Homer. Passing through the hands of Boccaccio and Chaucer, she ultimately became the Cressida of Shakspeare, who, like Benoit, makes her the daughter of Calchas, a Trojan prince, as he is described by Dares. The "Liet von Troye," a German poem by Herbert von Fritslar, who at the command of Landgrave Hermann of Thüringen wrote it towards the beginning of the thirteenth century, is little more than a translation of Benoit's "roman."

Of great literary importance is the poem which its author, Konrad of Würzburg, left unfinished at his death in 1287. To him as to Herbert the poem of Benoit served as a basis, and, though he refers to Dares, he seems only to know him at second-hand. He is, however, no slavish follower of the Frenchman, and makes an independent use of his Ovid and his Statius. What is very singular, he tells a pretty story of the infancy of Paris, which, it seems, is not to be found anywhere but in the *Iliad* of Simon Capra Aurea. By the command of Priam the shepherds are about to kill the dangerous child with a sword, but Paris, seeing his own face reflected in the blade, smiles at it so sweetly that they desist from their purpose. The words of Simon are these:—

Sed puer aspiciens ensem radiare coruscum
Arridet gladio nescius ense necis.

Konrad's unfinished poem was completed by an anonymous successor who was content to use Dares and Dictys.

The knowledge of the tale was widely diffused by Guido de Colonna, a learned judge in Messina, who, in spite of many interruptions, completed in 1237 an "Historia destructionis Trojæ," which, written in barbarous Latin, was translated into the language of every European nation that took an interest in literature, and had several successors. Otherwise the work is not very important. His chief source is Benoit, whom he does not name, and he uses other authors.

We could, if it were worth while, give a tolerably full description of another German poem, wrongly attributed to the celebrated Wolfram of Eschenbach. But in this the author shows himself so utterly independent of all precedent, and so recklessly jumbles together all that he may have derived from ancient sources, that he can scarcely be regarded as a link in the chain which connects mediæval with ancient Troy.

KINGSLEY'S PROSE IDYLS.*

MR. KINGSLEY, as we all know, is a very versatile writer. He has ventured, with more or less success, into the fields of poetry, fiction, history, theology, politics, and science. Whatever the merit of his contributions to these various departments of thought, there is one branch of literature in which he will receive, if not the highest, at least the most unmixed praise. Friends and enemies must alike admit that he has an admirable turn for graphic descriptions of natural scenery. We have not read some of the sketches in this volume since they first appeared in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*; and one, we are sorry to remark, appeared so long ago as July 1849. Yet we remember them with a distinctness which, as we willingly admit, is due to the power of the

writer, and not to any special retentiveness of our own memory. Now a magazine article which one remembers distinctly at the distance of four-and-twenty months, to say nothing of as many years, must certainly have given unusual pleasure at the time. In fact, Mr. Kingsley has powers which place his descriptions quite above the usual line. He has a true eye for nature. He sees the smallest objects, and yet knows how to select the really characteristic points. He is therefore unusually vivid, and yet does not overcrowd his pages with detail. His love of natural history enables him to give that local colouring which is often unattainable by the poor cockney who enjoys scenery on his annual outing, but is quite unable to describe the very things which most impressed him. We have often had to regret, for example, on reading the voluminous records of Alpine adventure, that the tourist's ignorance of the names of the commonest rocks and plants limited him to mere generalities, or to descriptions of his own emotions, instead of their causes. Mr. Kingsley is always ready to describe the flies which haunt the meadows, or the larvae which swarm in the chalk-streams, as well as the broader effects of cloud and mountain wall. He has but one fault worth noticing, which sometimes mars the general impression. It is quite becoming for a lover of scenery to be moved by some religious emotion when admiring the beauties of nature, and it is well that he should occasionally express his emotion delicately and reverently. But we will venture to add that an ebullition of polemical theology is not quite so much in keeping with descriptions of scenery. When we are worshipping in the temple of nature our feelings should partake for a time of the soothing impartiality characteristic of the goddess. The sun shines not only on the just and the unjust, but on the heterodox and the orthodox; and we are a little annoyed when his rays are made the pretext for aiming a sly blow at some pet adversary of the writer's school of thought. We do not complain of Mr. Kingsley for seeing his own theology reflected in the face of nature; but he should see its positive, not its controversial, side; and to our thinking he is rather too apt to find excuses for flourishing his own dogmas in the face of all comers, and to enlist the sea or the sky as opponents of Positivists, Papists, or artistic and scientific heretics. This failing introduces a certain restlessness of style which at times jars upon us. In the essay upon North Devon, for example, Mr. Kingsley is accompanied by an imaginary artist called Claude, whom we have encountered in his other writings, and who serves to justify certain superfluous outbreaks of a didactic tendency which we could willingly have spared. By the time we get to Lundy Island we congratulate ourselves on having left all controversialists and preachers safely on the mainland, and are annoyed to find that we have got one in the boat with us.

With this exception, however, we have read all Mr. Kingsley's essays with sincere pleasure. Our pleasure is rather increased than otherwise by the fact that we have a slight difference of opinion with him upon certain points; and we will venture to argue one question with Mr. Kingsley, though it is a question of taste, and though his theory was expressed fifteen years ago. Possibly he may have changed his mind, and be now upon our side against his former self. Mr. Kingsley, in fact, makes a humorous attack upon mountain scenery. The essay in which it occurs was published in 1858; the year, if we remember rightly, in which the Alpine Club first astonished mankind. The conjunction proves that Mr. Kingsley did not convert the world to his own views; though it by no means proves that he was wrong. Let us, however, take the main counts of this indictment against a creed to which we confess ourselves to be adherents, and see how far we can answer them. Perhaps we shall be able to call Mr. Kingsley himself as a witness, all the more valuable because unwilling.

A mountain, says Mr. Kingsley, in the character of "a certain peevish friend," is a great stupid giant, with a perpetual cold in his head, whose highest ambition is to give you one also. A muscular Christian would reply that he also gives you an appetite. Should I respect him for his size? asks Mr. Kingsley's friend; as well respect Daniel Lambert. Or for his cunning construction? there is not a youth who scrambles up him that is not a hundred times more beautiful when he is stripped. Be it so, we reply, if you will; but Mont Blanc's inferiority to a University athlete does not prove his inferiority to Primrose Hill. The question is not between men and mountains, but between mountains and molehills. You may be always more beautiful than any inorganic mass, big or little; but with a mountain for a pedestal, you will be a bigger man for practical purposes than when your feet are planted at the sea-level. But, replies the peevish friend, mountains don't improve people's characters. They send tourists back as stupid as they went out. The Scotch lowlander and not the highlander, has made Scotland what it is. The Jews of the west of Jordan were superior to the "barbarous mountaineers of the eastern ranges." Shakspeare never saw a hill higher than Malvern; and the noblest of races, such as the Tyrolese and the Circassians, could do nothing whilst cooped among their mountains. Thescenery, we answer, which will infallibly make tourists wiser has not yet been discovered; for there is no scenery which they cannot vulgarize; but at least in mountains there is something to be vulgarized. As for the influence of mountains upon their permanent inhabitants, the question is something of the largest. If some of the highest types of men are to be found amongst them, it is also true that we may find some of the most degraded. Thus much we may say; Switzerland and Holland resemble each other in this, that they demand strenuous labour from their populations to render them habitable at all, and that so far, the mountains, like the sea, may either

* *Prose Idyls; New and Old.* By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

develop noble qualities or suppress them, according as the constitution is or is not strong enough to stand a bracing atmosphere. The mountaineer is sometimes next door to a crétin; more frequently he is superior in independence and intelligence to the clodhoppers of a lowland district. But we are talking morality instead of aesthetics. A rose is more beautiful than a potato, though it is not so good to eat; and mountains may inspire poets, though it may not be good for man to live entirely in a poetical country.

And here, leaving Mr. Kingsley's peevish friend, we encounter Mr. Kingsley himself. Mr. Kingsley is a utilitarian in a fashion of his own. He insists on believing that the world grows steadily better as civilization spreads, and he thinks it right to admire all the products of civilization; and therefore to welcome in imagination the time when purple moorland will be changed into ploughed fields, and herds of cattle graze where the wild deer still ranges. There is something, he persists, unsocial in the love of mountain scenery; and he would never care to look upon a lovelier scene than the rich Thames valley from Taplow or Cleiden. We will not quarrel with his principle. Let us even try to share Macaulay's aspiration for the day when cultivation will have climbed the edges of Helvellyn, and Ben Nevis be turned into market-gardens. And yet, to say the truth, our imagination becomes here a little recalcitrant. Let us take Mr. Kingsley's own evidence, as we have already proposed. Where is it that he really finds the beautiful in these vivid sketches? The country which we should judge him to love best is North Devon; and what he loves in North Devon is the grand range of cliffs that fronts the broad Atlantic, where the falcon hangs in mid-air above the breakers, and through which the streams force their way from moorland still haunted by red deer. Then he admires the fens, which are at first sight an antithesis to the mountains. But when we ask what is the element of beauty in the fen country we come to the same principle. Fen scenery, in the first place, has often a certain grandeur, because, like the mountains, it gives a sense of vast space. The boundless plain, like the ocean, or like the view from a mountain-top, is impressive, because it carries the imagination beyond any limited horizon. Mr. Tennyson gives the secret when he speaks of the

Waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

And, in the next place, Mr. Kingsley's imagination is really excited by the thoughts of the undrained fen of former days; when it was still frequented by innumerable flocks of wildfowl; when Whittlesea Mere was still the largest sheet of water in England; or when the Isle of Ely was a fortress of great strength, girded by its impassable breadths of swamp. In both these cases it is the wildness and the infinity which appeal to a poetical mind. But Mr. Kingsley, it is true, can describe scenery of a different kind, and which seems, at first sight, more suited to his thesis. He dwells with great vigour upon the charms of the chalk-streams, and of what he calls his "winter garden"; that is to say, the moorland country in the neighbourhood of his own living. We will not insist too much upon the fact that here, too, it is the remnant of wildness amongst cultivated scenery which is really charming, and that when he wishes to be picturesque he describes the wild animals and plants which die out as cultivation advances, not the sheep and the corn which it encourages; but we must remark that when he describes an English country house with an attempt at enthusiasm, and says that he would not exchange it for the sight of all the Alps, his real argument is the painfully utilitarian one of "Fleas, fleas, fleas." To our thinking—though we do not mean to lay down a general principle—an English country house is too often the visible incarnation of the spirit of dulness; but, admitting that fleas are disagreeable, we must add that they are irrelevant. We should be glad to introduce Mr. Kingsley to many Alpine villages where, in spite of his remarks, roads, inns, cooking, and beds are all superior to those ordinarily found in England, and where even fleas are "conspicuous by their absence." In such a case we may say, without fear of affectation, that we prefer the range of the Öberland or Mont Blanc to a quickset hedge or even a park-paling, considered as a background to scenery.

But here we come to the principle which may perhaps reconcile us to Mr. Kingsley. We admit the force of his argument up to a certain point. So far as mountains are symbols of pure savagery, they do not deserve to be worshipped. Mere inhospitality is not by itself a merit; and to admire a region because it is unfitted for human habitation is mere Byronic misanthropy. But then we deny that this is the true secret of the modern love of mountains. The charm of the Alps, if we may speak mathematically, is a function of three quantities. One part of their beauty depends, no doubt, on the wildness which is grateful to an overcrowded population. Another depends on the kind of cosmopolitan sentiment which they suggest. We are impressed by the Alps because we feel that we are on the backbone of Europe; and because, therefore, they convey a dim suggestion of all the vast districts which are watered by their streams, and of their decisive influence upon the history and character of the civilized world. But, thirdly, they are impressive precisely because they are the scene of an ancient civilization. The chain of the Alps would be spoilt but for the chalets, and the winding paths, and the high pasturages, all of which recall to us the struggles of

a race of our fellow-creatures, gradually moulded by the conditions of their existence. Make the Alps really savage; denude them of their population; place them out of all relation to mankind in the central wastes of Asia or America, and their beauty would perhaps not vanish altogether, but it would certainly suffer serious injury. The wildness is an element in the total effect; but it is not the only element; and to abuse them because they are wild is to deny the goodness of wine because pure alcohol is an unhealthy and disagreeable drink. And hence we may add that the progress of civilization does not imply the complete extinction of this element, but merely its judicious mixture with others. Mr. Kingsley can only make his streams and meadows interesting by descriptions of sport. That is, he must retain some remnant of the old barbarous life to render cultivated country tolerable to a poetical imagination. Now in the Alps nature is powerful enough to dispense with these artificial aids. A lowland stream pleases Mr. Kingsley because fish cannot be tamed like sheep, and because he may therefore enjoy the task of inveigling an animal stupid enough to mistake a gaudy mass of wool and feathers for its natural food. He delights in his fields and woods because he can there join a crowd of men, horses, and dogs occupied in running down the poor little representative of the old fauna of savage times. In the Alps the scenery can dispense with such artificial aids. A man may, if he pleases, enjoy a nobler sport than fox-hunting or fly-fishing, in following the chamois; but he will find nature impressive enough if he only lies on his back and looks at a distant glacier. We are glad to find from the article called "From Ocean to Sea" that Mr. Kingsley can speak worthily of the glimpses of snow-mountains when he really sees them; and perhaps therefore he will join in the hope that that pleasure may never disappear. When man has fairly conquered nature, let us hope that he will not turn all the world into potato-patches, but find a place in his heart for the untameable sea and mountains, and reserve even some part of this little island as a garden, if not as a wilderness. Certainly whenever the whole country has been sophisticated, and men's tastes accommodated to their dwellings, people will lose their pleasure in Mr. Kingsley's writings. He may be tolerably content, however soaring his ambition, if they preserve it until that period.

SPENCER'S STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.*

WE hardly know whether to be glad or sorry that Mr. Herbert Spencer has issued this book. If there were any serious apprehension, which we trust there is not, of the *Principles of Sociology*, which are to form the next part of his great work, not being completed in due course, we should be thankful for this collection of introductory matter as a precautionary instalment. On the other hand, if the production of the *Principles of Sociology* may be considered as at all within sight, and if any considerable amount of energy has now been diverted from the preparations for the greater undertaking, we are disposed to regret it. It seems hardly worth while for a philosopher to spend time in popularizing his own ideas. There are many persons more or less competent to work out the various applications of Mr. Herbert Spencer's thoughts, or to bring the general character of his results to the notice of such as cannot or will not appreciate them at first hand; but there is no other person who can produce or organize the thoughts themselves. And, besides the loss of power which might have been used elsewhere with better permanent results, there is some positive danger of the philosopher not doing himself justice when he attempts to be his own interpreter. The conditions of his particular instances may be comparatively unfamiliar to him; and as a man who knows very well how things ought to be done in his own special business will often be ludicrously wrong when he assigns general reasons why they should be so done, even so a thinker who is unrivalled in the power of deriving general principles from a comprehensive view of facts may err strangely when he comes to apply those very principles to a special group of facts under his immediate observation. After all there was wisdom in Hegel's lofty answer to the question about the hundred thalers; it is the business of the disciples, not of the master, to "apply the notion to the finite relations of thalers and groschen." And Mr. Spencer himself very well says, "One prone to far-reaching speculations rarely pursues to much purpose those investigations by which particular truths are reached, while the scientific specialist ordinarily has but little tendency to occupy himself with wide views." We have so few scientific specialists in politics—at least in active politics—assuming that there are some few whose devotion to political economy justifies us in so calling them, that we can scarcely tell how far they occupy themselves with wide views. But Mr. Spencer, whose far-reaching speculations, though at certain points we may not be able to concur in them, are among the most remarkable and the most valuable of our time, bears unconscious witness to the truth of the other branch of his statement. When he quits the point of vantage whence he views the evolution of society on a large scale, and embarks on the investigations by which particular political truths concerning the present state of society in England ought to be reached, he arrives every now and then at paradoxical or even contradictory results.

Thus he incidentally expresses his opinions on two of the points

* *The Study of Sociology.* By Herbert Spencer. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

contained in the latest advanced political programme we have heard of—namely, “free schools” and “free law.” He is very clearly (and it seems to us very justly) against free schools, on the ground that parents ought to provide for their own children, and that any diminution of the individual parent’s responsibility would be directly mischievous, in precisely the same way that Poor-laws have hitherto been. And he obviously thinks that the existing system of Government grants has gone too far in this direction already. One might expect him in like manner to hold that every man ought to pay for his own litigation, and perhaps to doubt whether the expenses of keeping up the permanent apparatus of civil justice ought not to be borne by the suitors in a greater proportion than they are now. But, so far from this, we find indications which, when we remember certain passages in *Social Statics*, look as if Mr. Spencer would like to throw the whole cost of litigation on the State. That is, my neighbour ought not to contribute to my children’s schooling, but he ought to contribute to my lawsuit. What is the cause of this apparent inconsistency? It is not that there is anything at fault in Mr. Spencer’s logic; but, as we conceive, that his attention has never been properly directed to that class of facts which is at the bottom of legal proceedings. Ignoring or underrating the difference between civil and criminal law, he seems to assume that there is an absolute moral right and wrong in every lawsuit, one party being wholly in the right, and the other wholly in the wrong, and that the innocent party ought to be able to assert his rights at the expense of the public. This, however, is not clear, for we also find traces of a notion that it is all the fault of the State for not making the law more certain, and therefore the State ought to bear the costs; and we are not quite sure which view predominates. Anyhow it is certain that Mr. Spencer is not at home in this particular field of observation; and this becomes still more curiously manifest when, in one instance, he quotes an exceedingly commonplace flourish about the liberty of the subject from Professor Sheldon Amos’s pretentious and unsatisfactory work on the Science of Jurisprudence, as if he were producing an important authority, and while he dwells on real or supposed abuses of the law of England, he misses an excellent illustration of the natural growth of institutions with which its good side might have furnished him. For the best parts of our common law are precisely those with which direct legislation has meddled least, and which have been allowed to adapt themselves by spontaneous and gradual development to the growing complexities of men’s dealings with one another. In this, as well as in divers other matters, Mr. Spencer’s judgment is warped by his making it a general article of faith that all things done by the State are ill done. Moreover there is a strange and almost unreasonable want of sympathy in his appreciation, or rather depreciation, of most contemporary events and tendencies. In the regeneration of Germany—perhaps the most wonderful and splendid event of modern history—he seems to see nothing beyond the establishment of a dangerous military despotism. He has no encouragement to give to the cause of national education at home beyond observing that we do not know yet what education is, and that, if we think to make people virtuous by reading and writing, we are much mistaken. We perfectly agree in Mr. Spencer’s general belief—namely, that while society is on the whole ever improving in the adjustments of its institutions to its needs, yet it is idle to expect any one measure to make men wise and happy all at once; but his practical conclusion seems to be that no single thing that any one proposes is likely to do any appreciable good, and that consequently anybody who is much in earnest about any such single thing is rather making a fool of himself than otherwise. Of course we know that he would not assert this in general terms, but such is the impression left on our mind as the sum and substance of all his particular depreciations. In short, Mr. Spencer has tried the experiment of writing for popular effect; his new manner is effective in even a greater degree than we should have expected; but he has also fallen into exaggerations and distortions such as come amiss from a philosopher, though in authors who write merely for effect they seem natural enough.

So much for our disagreements with Mr. Herbert Spencer. We find much to dissent from in what may be called the extra-judicial part of his teaching, but the next best thing to agreeing with a thinker whom one respects is to find him an open and straightforward adversary, and no one can complain of Mr. Spencer for being otherwise. Bound by no ties to any party, he attacks the cherished opinions of all with perfect impartiality; Tory and Radical, capitalist and workman, have all the same measure meted to them, and may all find not a few home truths to reflect on. We may now proceed to give a rough notion of the book in its outline, and to call attention to some of the passages where Mr. Herbert Spencer excels in his proper element.

That which we fear we must resign ourselves to calling sociology (a name against which we protested not very long ago) is physiology writ large; as physiology generalizes and explains the phenomena presented by the individual life of man, so this science of society is to treat the phenomena presented by the collective life of societies of men. The art corresponding to it and guided by it is the art of politics and legislation, which has to do for the body politic that which medicine, the art corresponding to physiology, has to do for the body personal. It must be observed that in this comparison the body politic—or, as Mr. Spencer more commonly says, the social organism—is by no means a mere metaphor; but on this point we can here only refer the reader to the essays, one of them quite recent, in which it is more fully worked out than

in this book. Mr. Spencer gives some space to meeting the preliminary objection which may be urged, that the difference of human nature from the rest of nature makes it impossible for any such science to exist. He answers that every ruler and legislator, nay every man who acts in his own affairs on his judgment as to what other men are likely to do in given circumstances, is stultified if it does not exist. We venture to add that at least one branch of the science has in fact so far established itself that its importance is generally recognized, and its teaching has already had much weight in the government, not only of men’s thoughts, but of the commonwealth; we mean political economy.

Again, the scientific method of dealing with history, which has now well nigh driven out the bald piecing together of battles and gossip so justly condemned by Mr. Spencer, is another important contribution to the same end. One of the quaintly didactic tales of *Evenings at Home* is founded on the motto—“Whatever man has done, man may do.” The value of history as an instrument of the social science may be expressed by the variation of one word in this; whatever man has done, man will do. The first thing is to get as accurate a knowledge as may be of the things man has done, and the circumstances under which they have been done; and then we may hope for some reasonable foresight of what man may do and will do under such circumstances as we can look forward to. We need hardly add that social science in this sense does not mean desultory canvassing of the pet grievances of the day, nor the indiscriminate propounding of schemes for bringing about the millennium. But we must let Mr. Spencer speak for himself in two of his most striking paragraphs:—

You see that this wrought-iron plate is not quite flat; it sticks up a little here towards the left—“cockles,” as we say. How shall we flatten it? Obviously, you reply, by hitting down on the part that is prominent. Well, here is a hammer, and I give the plate a blow as you advise. Harder, you say. Still no effect. Another stroke? Well, there is one, and another, and another. The prominence remains, you see; the evil is as great as ever—greater, indeed. But this is not all. Look at the warp which the plate has got near the opposite edge. Where it was flat before it is now curved. A pretty bungle we have made of it. Instead of curing the original defect, we have produced a second. Had we asked an artisan practised in “planishing,” as it is called, he would have told us that no good was to be done, but only mischief, by hitting down on the projecting part. He would have taught us how to give variously-directed and specially-adjusted blows with a hammer elsewhere; so attacking the evil not by direct but by indirect actions. The required process is less simple than you thought. Even a sheet of metal is not to be successfully dealt with after those common-sense methods in which you have so much confidence. What, then, shall we say about a society? “Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?” asks Hamlet. Is humanity more readily straightened than an iron plate?

And, again, in a later chapter:—

Did not experience prepare one to find everywhere a degree of irrationality remarkable in beings who distinguish themselves as rational, one might have assumed that, before devising modes of dealing with citizens in their corporate relations, special attention would be given to the natures of these citizens individually considered, and by implication to the natures of living things at large. Put a carpenter into a blacksmith’s shop, and set him to forge, to weld, to harden, to anneal, etc., and he will not need the blacksmith’s jeers to show him how foolish is the attempt to make and mend tools before he has learnt the properties of iron. Let the carpenter challenge the blacksmith, who knows little about wood in general and nothing about particular kinds of wood, to do his work, and unless the blacksmith declines to make himself a laughing-stock, he is pretty certain to saw askew, to choke up his plane, and presently to break his tools or cut his fingers. But while every one sees the folly of supposing that wood or iron can be shaped and fitted, without an apprenticeship during which their ways of behaviour are made familiar; no one sees any folly in undertaking to devise institutions, and to shape human nature in this way or that way, without a preliminary study of Man, and of Life in general as explaining Man’s life. For simple functions we insist on elaborate special preparations extending through years; while for the most complex function, to be adequately discharged not even by the wisest, we require no preparation!

The difficulty of the preparation here spoken of is, however, as fully recognized as its necessity. A good part of the book is taken up with the consideration of the various motives and influences which are apt to hinder men from taking an impartial view of the evidence on which the desired scientific judgments are to be founded. Mr. Spencer is careful to point out that almost every bias of opinion prevailing among a majority has its counterpart in an opposite bias equally potent with the minority. Thus there is a patriotic bias which naturally leads an Englishman to assume that England is in every way better than other lands; but there are those who, in striving to escape this error, fall into an anti-patriotic bias, and needlessly cry down the works of their own countrymen. On this point Mr. Spencer takes occasion to answer the current saying that we are falling off in scientific eminence; and he gives an admirable and triumphant summary of the progress of scientific discovery in England within this century. We select two more of Mr. Spencer’s special points for notice. The interest of the first is that it exhibits the affinity of his method of handling social phenomena to that which is already admitted in political economy. In this place he points out, as a truth of biology, that whatever remedies are applied to counteract special causes of mortality cannot of themselves diminish the total amount of mortality in the community, since the average maintains itself by a self-compensating process, and what is driven out at one door comes in at another. Malthus, who is commonly reckoned as a pure economist, arrived long ago at the same conclusion by an almost identical line of reasoning. We are not concerned to enlarge on the proposition, but only to point out the coincidence, which, even if not free from some unconscious reminiscence, is equally good for our purpose.

The remaining point is remarkable for the intrinsic merits of its treatment. Near the end of the book Mr. Spencer considers the difference between the characters of men and women in a passage which is quite in his best manner. He accounts for the differences in question partly on physiological grounds, partly by a very ingenious historical, or rather prehistorical, hypothesis; and he regards them altogether as deeply rooted in the nature of men and women as they now are, and by no means to be lightly passed over. He does not express any decided opinion on the expediency of giving increased political power to women, though he does say with truth that they have a great deal more already than we suppose; but it is at all events clear that he is no longer of the same mind as when he upheld the equal rights of women in *Social Statics*.

We lay down the volume with many temptations to desultory comment still unsatisfied; it contains, as any writing of Mr. Spencer's needs must, a great amount of interesting and suggestive matter, and our only fear is that it may have stolen too much of his time and thought from the working out of his principal task.

LELAND'S ENGLISH GIPSIES.*

WE should hardly have looked for a fitter man to write an account of the English gipsies than the author of *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*. The keen perception of character, the fine ear for tones or shades of speech, the sympathy with native humour, and the power of picturesque description which gave so much life to Mr. Leland's honest Dutchman, must needs be the very thing to give us, in a lifelike, natural, and racy set of sketches, the gipsy and his outlandish ways, his roving life, and his foreign tongue. Our author has flung himself with considerable zeal into his subject. He has with infinite tact and patience broken the ice which guards the secrets of Romany life at home, and makes the Rye so chary of talk with the suspected *gorgio*. And he has gone as far East as Egypt to follow up the nomad race to one of its reputed sources, and to note what differences mark it off from the gipsies of our own lanes, commons, and race-courses. Of the truthfulness of all he tells us we have not the slightest doubt or misgiving. The book bears its own witness to the writer's assurance that all which is stated in it relative to the customs or peculiarities of gipsies has been gathered directly from gipsies themselves, and that every word of their language here given, whether in conversation, stories, or sayings, was taken from gipsy mouths. This would have given him the fullest title to our gratitude had he to introduce us to a race wholly new and strange, who held no place in literature, and had never drawn to itself the critical inquiry of science.

But what are we to say to a writer who sets out with studiously ignoring or setting aside the whole of what has been sought out and made known before now? The earliest authors and the most recent fare much about the same at Mr. Leland's hands. Not only the nicer disquisitions of ethnologists and philologists, but the writer whose dramatic pictures have made the gipsies a household word among the English public, have been shut to him as he wrote. Whilst entertaining the highest respect for the labours of Mr. George Borrow in this field, he has carefully, we are told, "avoided repeating him in the least detail;" and he has been equally above taking anything from Simson, Hoyland, or any other writer on the Romany race in England. The two German gipsy letters which he has gone so far as to admit may, he hopes, be excused as serving to illustrate an English one. "Whatever may be the demerits of his work, it can at least claim to be an original collection of material fresh from nature, and not a reproduction from books." Not that he is willing to profess himself wholly ignorant that others have taken up the subject before him; for he speaks in his preface of there being in existence about three hundred works on the gipsies. He has at all events, we may suppose, seen the backs of them upon library shelves, or a list of them in catalogues of books. Nay, more, he has dipped into them so far as to express a doubt whether many even of our scholars are aware of the remarkable social and philological facts which are connected with this strange and numerous class of our outdoor population. It is the more provoking that he has contented himself with this mere taste, instead of drinking or enabling us to drink more deeply of this recondite spring. Having by a self-denying ordinance of his own precluded himself from making use of what men of learning and research have done before him, he trusts, forsooth, that "the critical reader will make due allowances for the very great difficulties under which he has laboured." What allowance would be made nowadays for the difficulties of a man who sat down to draw up an English dictionary with a rigorous determination to leave out of account the labours of Johnson? It is especially of English authors that Mr. Leland seems to take pride in keeping himself ignorant. He refers indeed to the works of Pott, Liebig, and Paspatis, though even then he is careful to state that it was only after his own vocabulary was finished that he looked into the pages of Pott, and was pleased to find that most of his own words were already there. He appears at the same time to be wholly unaware how greatly Pott was indebted for his stock of Romany words to the labours of Bryant, who wrote nearly a century ago, and of

Colonel Harriot, whose vocabulary appeared in the Royal Asiatic Society's *Transactions* for 1830. It is perhaps less surprising that he should never have heard of the most copious and valuable list of English gipsy words extant, with comparative references to allied roots, and thoughtful remarks upon gipsy grammar and accidence, gathered at first hand from gipsy sources by Dr. Bath Smart, first printed in the *Transactions* of the Royal Philological Society for 1862-3, and since then issued as a separate pamphlet by Asher of Berlin. Now that we are promised a Romany English vocabulary to follow Mr. Leland's present work, which is to be many times more extensive than any ever before published, reaching, he hints, to possibly five or six thousand words, we would fain hope that the author will hold himself no longer bound by his singular vow of literary abstention, if only for the sake of sparing himself unnecessary trouble. As it is, he has been at the pains of "reading a copious Hindostani dictionary entirely through word by word to a patient gipsy, noting down all which he recognized and his renderings of them," and he is kind enough to say that, had Pott and Paspatis done the same, those learned men would have found overwhelming proofs of the Indian origin of Romany. As he has met with a writer in an American magazine who declares that "gipsy had very little affinity with Hindustani," besides another author who coolly asserts that the fact of there being a "few Hindu words" found in gipsy by no means proves its origin to be Indian, he may perhaps take the more credit for what he would appear to think an original and independent conclusion come to by himself from studying Anglo-Romany and different works on India. Even now his study has but led him to the queer definition of the language as "in the main Sanskrit with many Persian words intermingled," whilst his historical discovery amounts to little more than the general and vague belief that the gipsies are the "descendants of a vast number of Hindus, of the primitive tribes of Hindostan, who were expelled or emigrated from that country early in the fourteenth century."

Of the fact of Upper India having been, either aboriginally or in the second degree, the home of this nomad people, no scholar, if for linguistic reasons alone, will now venture to doubt. To connect their migration, however, as is so often done, with the invasion and the barbarities of Timour, is to take undue account of what appears from the conqueror's *Life* by Arabschah, that gipsies were met with by Timour at Samarcand prior to his invasion of Hindostan. Would it moreover have been the low or pariah caste, to which the gipsy seems most nearly to correspond, that the usurper would be most likely to drive out? And would they within twenty years' time have made their way so far West as Germany, where there are intimations of them between 1416 and 1420? whilst at Paris, as Pasquier tells us from the city chronicles, they showed themselves in a troop of a hundred or so in August 1427, giving themselves out as Christian pilgrims expelled from Egypt by the Mahometans. Their own traditions, were they ten times more definite or unanimously held than they are now, would go for little in the estimation of any practised ethnologist. But the fact is that nothing like a common or settled account is given of themselves by the gipsies of any two lands or communities. Vaguely pointing towards the East, their tradition tends on the whole towards the Egyptian origin which the popular notions of European nations had in general till of late years assigned to them. Yet that the Rom or Romani are to be identified with the Dom or Domni caste of Hindoos, allied to the Nâts, the real gipsies of India at the present day—the letters D and R being hardly distinguishable in gipsy mouths—is not only attested by the name they give themselves, but borne out by proofs without limit from the study of their speech and of their characteristic customs or habits, of which the volume before us furnishes so many interesting samples.

Within his own limits, and telling his own experiences, Mr. Leland does much to justify the anticipations we had been led to form of his powers as a painter of gipsy life. Though falling short of the dramatic skill and weird humour of *Lavengro* or the *Romany Rye*, his pictures of the strolling Bohemians of our highways and byways are picturesquely drawn, and coloured to the life. He has evidently about him that intuitive tact, or that magic of *bonhomie*, which is needed to penetrate the freemasonry of this peculiar race, and to draw out their esoteric lore. So rare indeed is any familiarity with the Romany speech among the *gorgios*, or outside class of mankind, that the gipsy is half prepared by the first utterance of his peculiar tongue to hail in the speaker a brother in blood. "You don't look like a gipsy yourself, sir," said a travelling tinker, in a tone of gentle reproach, on being addressed in Romany by our author on the Brighton Parade; "but you know you are one—you talk like one." The large number of Anglo-Indians resident amongst us must indeed give at times opportunities to these itinerants of the roads of holding colloquy with masters of their speech beyond the pale, and may remind them that their traditional secrets are not to be kept with the mystery which for the first centuries of their European sojourn hung over their origin and their ways. Still, as our author's experience enabled him to verify, the secret of the Romany has on the whole been well kept in England. Though mingling freely enough with vagabonds and tramps of every shade, though crossing their blood without much restriction, and intermingling with their Eastern speech any amount of slang and patter, there remains in the gipsy an undergrowth of nature which keeps him apart from the Cheap Jack, the tramping pilferer, or the mere loafer and beggar of Irish or English birth. There is especially, as our author insists, in no other class in these islands

* *The English Gipsies, and their Language*. By Charles G. Leland, Author of "*Hans Breitmann's Ballads*," "*The Music Lesson of Confucius*," &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

so much that is quaint or well adapted to the purposes of the novelist. You may not detect a trace of the subtle individuality or nationality on the road; but once become acquainted with a fair average specimen of a gipsy, pass days in conversation with him, and, above all, acquire his confidence and respect, and you will wonder that such a being, so widely different from yourself, could exist in Europe in the nineteenth century. Whether or not he corresponds in point of intellectual status or of latent philosophical belief to the ideal positivist whom our author inclines to see in him, it may be conceded that the gipsy shows under exceptional circumstances a freedom of thought, a refinement of manner, and an occasional dignity of soul which surprise us by their contrast with the squalor and the degradation of his ordinary surroundings. In these respects, as in the sense of chastity traditionally observed among the gipsy women, are to be seen traces of Oriental extraction. Under the more favourable circumstances of life in the New World Mr. Leland has found many gipsies raise themselves to places of affluence and dignity. In this country the gradual enclosure of commons and waste lands, with other discouragements to vagabond life, can hardly fail ere long to extinguish the race. The higher value must in consequence attach to sketches of these strange pariahs so lifelike and often touching as those before us. We may regret that Mr. Leland did not follow the example of Simson and Christopher North when the well-skilled, full-blooded gipsy whom he calls the Professor made him the inviting proposal to wander together over England cost-free with a donkey and a *rinskai juva* to tell fortunes. More adventurous than himself, two Oxford undergraduates, he tells us, could not resist the golden chance of going off on a six weeks' lark with a couple of gipsy girls, but, so far from glorying in the exploit, were in mortal dread of its getting into the county newspaper. What secrets of the inner Romany life might in some such ways be gained to the gentle world we can but imagine. From what our author draws out of the Pirengro, or tramp, the Katzimengro, or scissor-man, or the Petulengro, already made familiar to us by Borrow, and from the piquant examples of the Gudli, or gipsy stories, which he has brought together in the appendix, we can judge how inevitable a book he might with more sustained and systematic efforts have set before us. We can scarcely expect his zeal for Romany talk or legend, stimulated as it is by copious extracts with accompanying translations, to kindle amongst his readers any wide or burning thirst after gipsy literature. Nor, judging from his chapter on gipsy etymologies, which we regret we have no scope to go into in detail, should we expect to find him a very sound or certain guide among the intricacies of Oriental derivatives or roots. Still, for the simple traits it gives of gipsy life, and the many curious facts with which it teems respecting this little-known people and their language, his book deserves to be read with attention and thanks.

RUSSIAN METRICAL ROMANCES.*

(Second Notice.)

A *SKAZKA*, or popular tale, is a *skladka*, or something made up, says a Russian proverb, but a *pénnya*, or song, relates to matters of fact. That many of the *pénny*, or "metrical romances," about the heroes of Kief, dignified though they may be with the title of "historical poems," have very little to do with the sober realm of fact, will be sufficiently evident to every reader of our former notice (November 8, 1873) of Mr. Hilferding's collection of "Onega Builinas." But side by side with these mythological fancies or adaptations of foreign romances, there occur in his capacious volume a number of poems of a really historical character—records of actual events, memories of real persons, all moulded after the pattern of the metrical fancies in which are embodied the traditions of a prehistoric or imaginary period. Mr. Hilferding has not arranged the fruits of his researches according to their subjects, as has been done in the case of the Ruibnikof and Kiréfsky collections, but has kept together all the poems recited by each rhapsodist, of whatever nature their themes may be. And therefore the reader is liable to pass with startling abruptness from tales about winged steeds and seven-headed snakes to metrical chronicles of Swedish or German campaigns, from fantastic dealings with airy nothings to somewhat prosaic recollections of Ivan the Terrible superintending the siege of Kazan, or Alexis Mikhailovich convoking the General Assembly. From an artistic point of view these really historical songs are decidedly inferior to their mythical predecessors; but they are always interesting and often valuable as relics of bygone public opinion, traces of the impressions made by various historic characters on the minds of the Russian peasantry.

Remarkable as is the fondness with which the village minstrels of North-East Russia dwell on the long-vanished glories of the South-Western principality of Kief, still more strange at first sight appears the comparative reticence of Russian popular poetry with respect to the Tartar yoke under which so many generations of Russians groaned. But records which tell of past splendours are naturally more attractive than those which recall a time of humiliation, and so the ideal picture of a victorious Vladimir, feasting among his irresistible champions in the gleaming halls of Kief, was not likely to be displaced in the national gallery of the people by even the most trustworthy portraits of

foreign tyrants or the most faithful delineations of ignominious defeat. The Tartars, it is true, are frequently mentioned in these poems, but their names are generally taken in vain, just as were those of the "Saracens" in our metrical romances. Russian heroes visit the Golden Horde, Baty and Kalin lead their armies to the siege of Kief, but the aim of the visit, the results of the attack, differ widely in their poetic aspect from their prose reality. The facts of the Tartar domination have for the most part died out of the memory of the people; but certain words connected with it have survived, and the names of Turkish or Mongol conquerors are now employed, by one of the revenges familiar to the whirligig of time, to point a Christian moral and adorn a Russian tale. Almost the only genuine songs about the "accursed Tartars" seem to be those which tell of Christian women and children carried away into Pagan captivity, the memories of domestic suffering having proved more permanent than those of national disgrace. In the present collection we find several references to thefts of this nature. A Christian hero meets "a heathen Tartar" a-field, and "by God's assistance" overcomes him, "kneels upon his white breast," and demands his name and birthplace:—

"Tell me, thou heathen Tartar,
From what land art thou, of what Horde?
By what name art thou called?"

To which the infidel at first replies that, if he were the conqueror, he would not trouble his foe with questions:—

"Were I kneeling on thy white breast,
Thy white breast would I split up,
And pluck out thy bold heart."

But he eventually complies with his conqueror's request, and divulges his name. No heathen Tartar is he, but a Russian prince, carried away when three years old by Tartar captors. As soon as the victor hears his captive's name and address,

He seizes him in his white arms,
Lifts him to his swift feet,
Kisses him on his sweet lips,

and greets him as his long-lost brother. The Slavonian Valentine and Orson then ride home, and Fedor, the victor, introduces Luke, the vanquished, to his mother as a captive Tartar, asking that he may be hospitably treated. Whereupon she replies:—

"Ah, thou dear child of mine!
Did I but possess my old strength,
I would go forth into the wide court,
Seize the Tartar by his ruddy curls,
Fling the Tartar into the deep vault,
Feed the Tartar on yellow sand,
Give the Tartar water from the swamp to drink."

But of course, when she hears that the stranger is no heathen, but her own son,

She hastens into the wide court,
Runs to where her son is standing,
Seizes him by the white hands,
Kisses him on his sweet lips,
Calls him her son, her own dear son;

and then, on hospitable thoughts intent, carries off the brothers to her own bower, where

She seats them at the oaken board,
Regales them with dainty cates,
Offers them honeyed liquor to quaff.

In the poems describing Tartar sieges of Kief by Baty and Kalin, there is but little that is characteristic of the Tartar period. The invaders are always repelled, being in that respect singularly unlike the terrible foes who from time to time swept across Russia like a flood, leaving nothing but desolation behind them, or who, from their distant camps, ruled their Christian vassals with the firm sway of contemptuous strength. Many of these poems are preceded by a kind of prelude, in which the beleaguered city is represented, under the form of a fair maiden, as mourning over its approaching woes:—

All along the wall of the city,
There goes a maiden fair to see,
Holding in her hands the holy Gospel.
But less does she read than weep.
That is no mere maiden fair,
It is the city wall which weeps,
Divining that over Kief is impending woe.

Equally unhistorical, although real persons and places are mentioned in them, are the poems about Lithuanian invasions and sieges of Moscow, in which the enemy are baffled, not by arms, but by magic. It is not until we reach the songs about Ivan the Terrible that we begin to tread upon really historic ground. In them the Tartars are justly placed in an inferior position, and certain events, such as the capture of Kazan, are described with tolerable accuracy. In one of them, for instance, we see the terrible Tsar watching the beleaguered city, and flying into a passion because the mines he has had constructed beneath its walls do not explode. One of the gunners is about to explain the cause of the delay, when suddenly the fire reaches the powder, and the walls of the citadel are hoisted into the air:—

Then all the Tartars became terrified,
They submitted themselves to the White Tsar.
Thus spake the Tartars:
"For ever be our Kazan beneath holy Russia,
Beneath holy Russia the invincible,
The invincible, the by God beloved!"

In the present collection the poem about Ivan the Terrible which most frequently recurs is that which relates how he ordered his

* *Oneshkiya Builini*, &c. [*Onega Builinas*, written down by A. F. Hilferding in the summer of 1871.] St. Petersburg: 1873.

son Fedor to be put to death. A Tartar chieftain from the Golden Horde sends to inform the Tsar that he is about to ravage Russia and occupy "stone-built Moscow." The angry Tsar orders his three sons to annihilate the insolent foe, "not leaving so much as a fowl alive." This is done: but after the victory Prince Vasily calumniates his brother Fedor, accusing him of treachery. The passionate Tsar orders his son's head to be struck off and set on a lance, adding:—

Bring hither his daring head,
Set it up in front of my white-stoned halls,
In front of my latticed casement,
In front of my crystal mirrors.

Fedor is led away to the scaffold by Malynta Skuratof (really one of the worst of the Tsar's vile instruments). But the prince's mother rushes in haste to the house of her brother, who gazes in astonishment at her disordered dress until he learns the cause of her hurried entry. Then he gallops after the executioners, smites off Skuratof's head, and rescues the young prince. Next day the Tsar is mourning bitterly "in God's church" over his son's death. "Thieves and robbers," he says, "find protectors and preservers, but for my own son is no protector, no preserver to be found." Then his brother-in-law tells him that the young prince is still alive, and the Tsar's heart becomes once more joyful.

Of the time of confusion which followed the reign of the Terrible Tsar we have but few and fragmentary records in the present collection. Still they suffice to bring before our eyes some scenes in the eventful life of the ill-starred "Grishka Otrepiet," the original "False Demetrius." According to one of these popular versions of his story,

No sooner had the dog and thief got himself made Tsar,
Than the dog and thief determined to get married;

not choosing a bride from among the daughters of "the Princes and Boyars in stony Moscow," but wedding the Lithuanian Princess Marishka (Marina), and that on one of the days kept holy by the Church, so that

The Princes and Boyars were going to divine service
As Grishka and Marina went to the bath.

Moreover he ordered "the biggest bell of all" to be sounded, and proclamation to be made that his beloved father-in-law was coming from foreign parts to pay him a visit. The consequence of all which was, that one day Grishka looked out of window and saw that his palace was beset by troops, "all by troops with lances." Whereupon

Grishka thinks in his princely mind,
"I will make myself diabolical wings,
And will fly away as a devil."

Instead of doing so, however, he only tumbles out of the window and is killed. But his wife Marishka turns herself into a magpie and flies far away.

As a specimen of the not very numerous poems referring to the reign of Alexis Mikhailovich, we may take that which describes how he calls his Boyars together, and asks them whether he shall consent to give up Smolensk to the King of Sweden in exchange for another city. Forth step the Princes of Bokhara and Astrakhan, draw nigh to the Tsar, bow down low before him, and say that, as Smolensk is not "a Muscovite city," but is "a Lithuanian city," and contains very few soldiers and not a farthing's-worth of treasure, it will be as well to part with it. But Prince Danila Miloslavsky contradicts them flatly on every point, whereupon the Tsar at once makes him Voivode of Smolensk;

But as for the Prince of Astrakhan—he took and hanged him,
And as for the Prince of Bokhara—he chopped his head off.

At a later period we find a similar story told of the Empress Catherine II., who is summoned by the Swedish King to allow him free quarters in the Kremlin. All "the principal field-marshal" are in a terrible fright, and are ready to submit to any degradation; but a Don Cossack and another soldier who stand beside the Empress utter such brave words as restore her failing courage. By way of conclusion we will quote the following metrical record of the occupation of Berlin in 1760, after the battle of Kunersdorf, by the Russian troops under the command of Tottleben:—

Oh! weeps and wails our Prussian King,
As, seated afar on the hill so high,
He longingly looks on his stronghold dear,
His stronghold dear, his city Berlin.
"O, stronghold of mine; O, stronghold dear!
O, city Berlin, mine own Berlin!
By whom art thou held, my stronghold dear?
By the Tsar, the White Tsar, art thou held,
And eke by the Russian General!"

Through the streets as a trader the General goes,
For powder and ball does the General trade,
Trades, moreover, for cannon two score.
Captive he leads the Prussian Wife,
Captive the fair one leads and asks:—
"Whither away has the Prussian fled?"

"Ha! ye Generals doited and dull!
At his table sat the Prussian King
As a snow-white swan!
At his window sat the Prussian King
As a pigeon blue!
As a raven black the Prussian King
To his ships has flown.

NANCY.*

THAT prevailing tolerance for inferior literary work which deluges libraries and covers drawing-room tables with the trashy productions of writers who are ignorant of the first principles of the art they profess, has also an evil reaction upon those who have all the talent necessary to make a good artist and want only the industry without which talent is a wasted gift. The same ignorance or indifference on the part of the public which leads them to accept, as first-rate, performances on the stage which their ancestors would scarcely have endured, has established it as a rule in literature that when once an author has made a success his name is to become a possession for ever, a talisman that will ensure excellence to his works. The readiness of an artist, whether painter, player, or writer, to take advantage of this benevolent disposition is no bad test of his love for his art. That Miss Broughton has all the talent which a writer needs to rise to eminence cannot be doubted. In her first book the real flame of creative power shone out, and gave promise of a valuable addition to the fiction of the country, a promise which has not yet been accomplished. The flame, indeed, has glimmered more or less brightly in all her succeeding works, but it has not been fostered or tended; it has been left to its own devices, and now its light and warmth are mournfully faint. *Nancy* opens well enough, with a lively description of all the children, big and little, of the Grey family, of which Nancy herself is a member, engaged in making toffee. That the heroine should be built on exactly the same lines as all Miss Broughton's other heroines was only to be expected; it has long been the fashion of novelists to reproduce their principal characters, either in their old names or cloaked with the thin disguise of a new one, in all their works, and for this mistake the author has the excuse that she makes it in good company. And at the outset Nancy, as well as the rest of the Grey family of brothers and sisters, hickering yet affectionate over their manufacture of toffee, commands our sympathy and interest; and when the excitement of toffee gives place to that caused by the arrival of Sir Roger Tempest, a rich elderly bachelor, as a visitor to the house, feeling certain as we do that this visit will end in his marrying Nancy, we hope also that he may turn out to be agreeable as well as wealthy. All the talk consequent on the announcement of this arrival is well touched and natural, in the author's best style of humorous description, as is also this account of family prayers in the Grey household:—

Algernon has thrust his head far out between the rungs of his chair-back, and affects to be unable to withdraw it again, making movements of simulated suffocation. The Brat is stealthily walking on his knees across the space that intervenes between them to Barbara, with intent, as I too well know, of unseemly pinchings. If father unbutton his eyes, or move his head one barley-corn, we are all dead men. I hold my breath in a nervous agony. Thank heaven! the harsh recitation still flows on with equable loud slowness. In happy ignorance of his offspring's antics, father is still asking, or rather ordering, the Almighty (for there is more of command than entreaty in his tone) to prosper the High Court of Parliament. Also the Brat is now returning to his place, travelling with surprising noiseless rapidity over the Turkey carpet, dragging his shins and his feet after him. I draw a long breath of relief, and drop my hot face into my spread hands.

But the reader, unless callous in the matter of the most ordinary humanity and social observance, is doomed to swift disappointment as to the heroine's character. Two days after the arrival of Sir Roger Tempest, an old friend of her father's, a perfect stranger until then to her, she confides to him that his old friend is an object of hatred to his children. Mr. Grey was no doubt a disagreeable person, ill-tempered and selfish, courteous only in the presence of company; but the possession of these qualities would scarcely warrant his daughter's hating him, still less her talking of him in such a manner to a man whom she knew to entertain an entirely opposite view of his character. The baronet, however, in all other points a most worthy and finished gentleman, either has lax ideas on the subject of filial duty, or is entirely blinded by the infatuation of love; for in reply to the ill-natured tirade delivered by Nancy against her father, he attempts a lame apology for his old friend, and, having taken a fortnight to think the matter over, proposes to Nancy and is accepted. The scene in which she announces this important fact to the brothers and sisters in conclave assembled recalls, as do all the family scenes, the keenness of observation and lightness of touch which first brought the writer into notice; and so does that between the heroine and her accepted lover, although this is marred by a piece of bad taste which the author takes occasion to repeat elsewhere afterwards. "Roger," says Nancy, "is a name I have been very partial to, until—" (laughing a little) "the Claimant threw discredit on all Rogers!"

The wedding-day gives the author an opportunity for a piece of description so pretty and clever that we quote part of it to show that Miss Broughton can write really well when she chooses to take the trouble:—

All round the old flowering thorn there is a small carpet, milk-white and rose-red, of strewn petals. Every flower that has a cup, is holding it brim-full of cold dew. Vick is sitting on the top of the stone steps, her ears pricked, and her little black nose working mysteriously as she sniffs the morning air.

On the bright gravel walk stands the jackdaw, looking rather a funereal object in his black suit, on this gaudy-coloured day; his gray head very much on one side, and his round aly eyes turned upwards in dishonest meditation. A worse bird than Jacky does not hop. His life is one long course of larceny, and I know that if he had the gift of speech, he would also be a consummate liar.

* *Nancy*. A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton, Author of "Red as a Rose is She," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1873.

From this point the book steadily declines in manner, tone, and interest; not that there is much to be said for the manner up to that point. A young woman of nineteen who says, as Nancy does, speaking of the number of her brothers and sisters, that "a Frenchman might well hold up his hands in astonished horror at the insane prolificness (*sic*), the foolhardy fertility of British householders," would be very likely to make her hearers hold up their hands in astonished horror. This sort of thing is accompanied in the commencement of the book by a dash and spirit which, if they do not quite carry it off, at least make the reader look upon it more leniently than when, as later on, it occurs in the midst of a dullness which, unlike Miranda's, is far from being good. The plot of *Nancy*, such plot as there is, begins with the heroine's marriage to Sir Roger Tempest, and reminds one of nothing so much as of those rivers mentioned by Herodotus, which commence with an ordinary stream, and, instead of flowing naturally to the sea or a lake, diminish gradually in their course, growing ever thinner and poorer, until they vanish mysteriously and are lost to sight. The happy pair arrive during their foreign tour at Dresden, a place which has of late become a very fashionable resort for people in novels. Miss Broughton takes occasion to display an extraordinary piece of carelessness by speaking of the young Bavarian officers in light blue uniforms who are to be seen in Dresden. It requires no great geographical accuracy to ascertain that this town is in Saxony, and the light blue Saxon uniform is well known in Germany by its very peculiarity. At Dresden, however, while the impulsive Nancy is performing the somewhat unusual feat of looking stealthily over a strange officer's shoulder into his plate to see what he is eating, she encounters the gaze of a young Englishman, who turns out to be an old acquaintance and neighbour of her husband's. This young man, Mr. Musgrave by name, who has a way of looking "murderous," and like "a handsome thunder-cloud," whatever that may be, promptly makes love to Lady Tempest. He makes the first declaration of his passion in a sentimental riddle, which strikes her as so funny that, to use the author's own words, she "covers her face with her handkerchief and roars." The Tempests return to England, and soon after their arrival Sir Roger is taken out to the West Indies by business, and leaves Nancy established alone at Tempest with Mr. Musgrave for a close neighbour. Her behaviour at this juncture would in any one else be surprising; in her one can be surprised at nothing. So far from avoiding or repressing him, she begs him to come and see her as often as he can. It is true that when he does come she treats him with remarkable rudeness, but this treatment she bestows on all her friends with commendable impartiality.

Mr. Musgrave, although his behaviour is not strictly moral or praiseworthy, certainly has reason and truth on his side when, having openly declared his love to her, and having been repulsed with scorn and surprise, he tells her that a woman must have been blinder than any mole not to see whether he was tending, and that if she meant to be surprised at such a declaration, she ought not to have made herself common talk for the neighbourhood with him. No woman, unless either idiotic or more innocent than the most innocent *ingénue* who ever tripped on a French stage, could have behaved as Nancy did. And in her conversation there is ample evidence that she was neither of these things. Mr. Musgrave, however, although disappointed in his hope of gaining Nancy's love, has succeeded in instilling into her mind a drop of jealousy of her husband. It is sufficiently absurd and weak that a young woman married to an elderly gentleman, for whom she has never shown any absorbing love should be uncomfortably surprised at hearing a report that long ago he was engaged to another woman; but this is nothing to the absurdities that follow. This other woman is a Mrs. Huntley, who lives in the neighbourhood, and of her, on Sir Roger's return, Nancy becomes frantically jealous, because he is obliged to visit her once or twice on matters of business. He, meanwhile, has heard strange reports concerning Musgrave and Nancy, the spreading of which certainly served her quite right. These she might easily explain away, but she does not choose to do so, and so we have husband and wife at daggers drawn in mutual jealousy and mistrust. This, though a forced and artificial situation, might have been turned to good account, but the story rambles about in the most aimless uneven fashion, and whatever germ of interest lies in it is entirely thrown away. Who and what Mrs. Huntley may be is never fully explained, but she does duty as a siren to entangle one of Nancy's brothers, who, rushing up from Aldershot to visit her, straightway is struck down by a fever which is caught by Barbara, Nancy's model sister, who dies. What end or object is gained by all this it is impossible to imagine; it seems as if Miss Broughton were afraid of sending out a book to the public without a death-scene in it, and, weary of killing her heroines, has hit upon the ingenious method of substituting their sisters as victims. One fact which takes place amid all this is the most difficult to explain, and therefore perhaps the least explained of all, being nothing less than the engagement of Musgrave to Barbara. After all there is this good in her death, that she escapes a marriage with him. The story wanders weakly on after Barbara's death, and concludes with a vehement declaration of love from Nancy to her husband. Certainly her behaviour makes some assurance of the kind very necessary.

It is matter of regret that *Nancy* should do its author so little credit, the more because, as we have already observed, she is capable of producing creditable work. From internal evidence we conclude that the book has been written, or at least finished, in a great hurry; but whether this be so or not, it is certainly written with

great negligence. It exaggerates all the writer's old faults and introduces some new ones, among others a detestable habit of riddling the pages with unmeaning italics. Sir Roger remarks that their difference of age is "a monstrous, an unnatural disparity." Nancy replies, "It is not nearly so bad as if it were the other way." And there is one fault more objectionable than any venial fault of style. Nancy, speaking of the German Blutwurst, remarks, "How the Germans do call a spade a spade!" It would have been well had Miss Broughton paid more heed to these words in her heroine's mouth. There is an offensive prudery which obtains to a certain extent in the present day, and it is good to avoid this; but it is not good to fall into the opposite error. It is best to call a spade by its own name, but there are things more ignoble than spades of which it is best not to talk under any name.

ART COLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.*

THIS folio volume of etchings from "Works of Art in the Collections of England" is intended as a companion to the analogous work published in Paris under the title of *Les Collections célèbres d'œuvres d'art en France*. The English publisher has in fact throughout employed foreign agencies; the artists are French, the printers of the plates and of the letterpress are French; even the paper has been made in France. We confess it to be rather humiliating to find that the result, though not all that might be desired, is more satisfactory than it would have been if the work had fallen into the hands of English artists and artisans. We have not at present in London a band of trained engravers on copper equal to the eleven artists who have turned out these fifty folio plates. The school of young etchers at Kensington we have heretofore found occasion to commend; but the two hundred etchings from objects in the South Kensington Museum sent to the Vienna Exhibition appeared juvenile and tentative when compared with such mature and masterly products as M. Valentin's "Eau Forte," also exhibited in Vienna, taken from Mr. Magniac's famous Ever in Henri Deux ware. It is right to mention, however, that in the Paris mode of work there is a source of inaccuracy from which the Kensington school is preserved. At Kensington the etchers have the advantage of copying with the needle on the copper direct from the objects; whereas the plates before us have been executed from drawings, which, though made expressly for the purpose, are of the nature of that secondary evidence which involves error. A like cause is known to militate against the trustworthiness of many of the most brilliant and elaborate of Italian engravings from the old painters. Herr Unger, whose etchings from the Galleries of Brunswick and Cassel we have before favourably noticed, worked on the copper-plates, seated before the original pictures. It is a misfortune that the actual conditions in the present instance precluded a practice so salutary; the objects to be reproduced remained in England, while the artists were in France. The treasures here delineated are in truth too rare to be made itinerant; they had, in fact, never met together till they here found themselves massed in the same volume.

This volume, which has the advantage, as well as the disadvantage, incident to a miscellaneous collection, comprising ceramics, wood-work, metal-work, &c., once more declares the unsurpassed riches of the private as distinguished from the public collections of England. It is true that some few specimens have been taken from the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum; but the greater part of the examples come from private sources. Among the principal contributors are Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, Mr. John Henderson, Mr. Holford, Mr. John Malcolm, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mr. Charles Magniac, Mr. Franks, Mr. Addington, Sir Richard Wallace, Baron Lionel, Baron Anthony and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and the late Mr. Alexander Barker. Yet a multitude of well-known collectors do not appear in the list of contributors; indeed we need not say that the all but inexhaustible resources of the country would furnish materials for a second or third volume. But a work of this character is so costly in production, and so circumscribed in circulation, that the experiment is, we fear, not likely to be soon repeated. Moreover, the difficulty is to obtain objects which, even by reason of their merits, have not become almost too well known. Owners have been so liberal in their loans to London and provincial exhibitions, or to *soirées* of fine art clubs, that a large proportion of the treasures of the country come before connoisseurs as old acquaintances. For example, several of the specimens here engraved have already appeared in the volume on the Manchester Art Treasures, or in the series of photographs from the Loan Exhibition of 1862. Nevertheless, it is not easy to see too much of a good thing, and any means by which a fine work of art can be reproduced, multiplied, and widely diffused is a gain to that general public whose appetite for the arts seems to grow every year more insatiable. With few exceptions the objects selected are the best of their kind, not only rare and costly, but of real worth as models of excellence. Of special interest are the specimens of Oriental porcelain, bronzes, and enamels; of rare beauty is the Chinese porcelain vase of the seventeenth century from the collection of Mr. Franks. M. Braquemond's etching from this vase brings out with truly artistic effect the clustering flowers of

* *Works of Art in the Collections of England*. Drawn by Edouard Lièvre. Engraved by Braquemond, Courty, Flameng, Greux, L'Hermite, Le Rat, J. Lièvre, Muselle, Rajon, Randall, and Valentin. London: Holloway & Son.

the white wild prunus, a favourite decorative study in these Oriental ceramics. Force and delicacy, detail and generalization, are here shown to be within the reach of the etcher's art.

It is cause for regret that in this otherwise highly-wrought volume the letterpress descriptions are scanty in the extreme; one reason assigned for this defect is that no written notes were taken before the objects when the drawings were made. Yet surely it would have been easy to give a full and critical account of Albert Dürer's highest achievement in plastic art, the small but delicate carving on soapstone in the British Museum representing the Birth of St. John the Baptist. This precious gem has been cited as a matchless work of the master by Dr. Kugler and M. Labarte; the latter engraves the composition in his volume on "The Arts of the Middle Ages." A whole treatise might be written on the composition. We have here another proof of the universality of genius. Dürer, like his contemporaries Raffaele and Michael Angelo, passed with ease from the pictorial to the plastic arts—a transition not difficult when the primary aim of any school of painting is form and not colour; a distinction which may account for the fact that the great colourists, such as Titian, have never used stone as a vehicle of expression. It is interesting to observe how all great masters, even when they approach to universality, make the manner of the art in which they are strongest dominate over the sister arts. Thus Michael Angelo, essentially plastic, paints like a sculptor, while, on the contrary, Dürer and Raffaele, primarily pictorial, use a chisel as a brush. The picturesque relief here rendered with singular fidelity has, in fact, the character of an easel painting. The mother of St. John the Baptist is supported by cushions in a tester bedstead; in the background are hangings, a doorway, a cupboard, with jars, books, and boxes lying about as in a crowded and disordered German dwelling. A discussion evidently has arisen as to the naming of the infant; "the man near the bed is the Doctor. The father Zacharias is writing on a tablet the name of the new-born son John, the writings in Hebrew are legible. A man entering at the door is supposed to be Dürer himself, whose monogram and the date 1510 are cut on a tablet at the foot of the bed." The celebrated French engraver, Leopold Flameng, who has recently been seen in Vienna as the translator into black and white of pictures by Rembrandt, Delacroix, Ingres, Bonington, and Meissonier here very properly throws himself into the manner of Albert Dürer. This etching in its severity, dryness, and abstemious use of light and shade might almost be mistaken for a plate executed in the school of Dürer. In like manner this French engraver, who in the best sense has learnt to make himself all things to all men, here abstains from the suggestion of colour, whereas in a highly esteemed plate from Rembrandt by the same hand, colour as well as texture are indicated in every touch. In no quality do engravers differ more widely than in the translation of colour; Toschi, Raffaele Morghen, and Italian engravers generally show themselves colourists, and in looking through this volume we find that French etchers also can be colourists when they choose. For example, the renderings of a Commode and a Coffin in richest boulevards, belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, are almost as abounding in sense of colour as if a paint-brush had been used in place of a graver. On the other hand, "the embossed steel cuirass," from the collection of Mr. Charles Magniac, is fittingly allowed to remain as cold as the material in which it is wrought.

A melancholy and sensitive head by Leonardo da Vinci, bending in the neck and looking downward to the ground as a lily drooping on its stem, has been very lovingly rendered by the French artist M. Rajon. The fascination of the female heads, of which this is a representative form, is almost too subtle to be defined. Leonardo was possessed with an ideal type of womanhood; indeed in Italy in the middle ages each great creative mind had its own symbol answering to the longing of the heart for a perfect image of the true and the beautiful. Dante, da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, seem in turn to have been sustained by a vision of the divine in the human. In the head now before us, from the collection of Mr. Holford, ascribed apparently on better grounds than often to the great master of Milan, there is a shadow of sadness, a sorrow that has supernatural sustenance. In this face, often repeated in the school, the eyelids droop heavily; they are full of tears, as the half closed petals of a flower filled with the cold dews of night. The mouth, too, though in repose, is eloquent; it speaks of maternal love and of a peace made perfect through suffering. We often wonder how far Leonardo meant all this when he put pencil to paper; yet with him the mental process is ascertained to have been not merely that of intuition, but rather of prolonged induction from nature. The well-known form which became in the school as immovably fixed as a stereotype grew, we believe, out of that hidden correspondence between the artist's mind and the outward world which lies as the secret behind all types. But the image which at first issued forth as if by revelation soon became petrified and traditional. Such is the history of all art. And the transmitted power in the hands of disciples of reproducing the most vital conceptions of a master was peculiarly present in the school of Da Vinci. We see no reason to doubt the authenticity of this lovely head; yet we may mention that in the Picture Gallery of Parma there is a sketch by Leonardo all but identical with the study here engraved. The work in Parma cannot be surpassed in subtlety of supersensuous sentiment. Dr. Waagen, apparently without sufficient authority, says that the example in Mr. Holford's collection is the study for the Madonna in "La Vierge aux Rochers" of the Louvre. Anything that can elucidate Leonardo is to be received most gladly.

Works on the art wealth of England have of late years multiplied greatly; some consist of treatises, others of illustrations, and many combine printed descriptions with lithographs, engravings, or photographs. It may be said that we live in an age of catalogue-making. The drawings of Mr. Malcolm, the engravings of Mr. Alfred Morrison, have all been catalogued; also the ivories, the textile fabrics, and the ceramics in the Kensington Museum, have severally been made the subjects of exhaustive and richly illustrated disquisitions. Moreover, special exhibitions, such as the Art Treasures of Manchester and the Loan Exhibition of 1862, have added to the art literature of the country. All these volumes are now before us for comparison with the latest addition to the number, the *Works of Art in the Collections of England*. Each of them is distinguished by individual merits and defects; the book recently published has, as we have seen, no claim to critical acumen, and the want of adequate description must be supplied by reference to the standard text-books. On the other hand, it is scarcely possible for the art of etching to do more, though none of the plates quite reach the unapproachable excellence of M. Jacquemart as seen in the *Histoire de la Porcelaine*. And yet it is marvellous to mark the perfection of realism to which these plates attain; the distinction between metal-work, ceramic ware, tapestries, and crystals, is clearly defined by quality of touch, by reflected lights, and by surface texture. Even colour, as we have said, is suggested, as in M. Greux's etching from the Limoges enamel dish in the collection of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks. And yet, on the whole, we must regard these etchings as free translations rather than as facsimile reproductions. They almost of necessity lack the solidity of lithographs, and the illusive reality of photographs. In fact, each method has its specific value. Thus we have found photography inimitable in the reproduction of crystal vases and of ivory plaques. In like manner chromo-lithography has rendered with a perfection possible by no other process "a Boule Cabinet," lent by Her Majesty to the Art Treasures at Manchester. On the other hand it must be admitted that nothing can be more precise in drawing, or more consummate in handling, than the etchings from an engraved Persian bottle and an engraved Persian pail in the collection of Mr. John Henderson. Equally good are a "Brass Aiguille," Venetian, but of Oriental character, belonging to Mr. Alexander Casella, and a Chinese Bronze from the collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison. Such master-works bear out the assertion of Mr. Hamerton that "the strong points of etching in comparison with other arts are its great freedom, precision, and power." Etchings, too, when of fine quality, as some of these are, have the value, not only of transcripts, but of creations; they are more than copies, they partake of the character of originals. Lastly, these plates are records; unlike photographs they are enduring; if any of the treasures should perish, these prints will remain. The old engravers, Marc Antonio and others, thus perpetuated works which otherwise would have been lost.

BRAZIL.

JUDGING from internal evidence, we should say that the work of fine-sounding learned title, "Chorography of Brazil," is a puff, done to order of the Brazilian Government, for the purpose of displaying to ignorant Europe the infinite excellence and sublime perfection of Brazil. It has been translated into infamous English by a gentleman whose name suggests that he is a Frenchman. It has been probably expected that the thing would tell better for being presented in the unsuspicious form of a geographical treatise; but it was surely an unwise economy to spoil it for English readers by employing a wholly incompetent translator. The mixture of bad English with the grandeur of all Brazilian things described has the drollest effect. This English translation of *Notions on the Chorography of Brazil* contains some four hundred and eighty octavo pages. The writer vouches for his modesty of statement in a passage full of unintelligible magniloquence:—

In what has been just shown, the riches of Brazil in the three kingdoms of Nature, that is, in the magnificent and extraordinary opulence of its soil, a wonder of spontaneous treasures, which no country possesses united in that great degree, is stated in a modest description, and that trebly deficient in order that above all, the extraordinary grandiloquence of truth shall not compromise and prejudice the verisimilitude, in the opinion of those who do not yet know the marvels of Brazilian nature, and therefore have a right to be slow in belief of the exposition of the marvellous.

A large labouring-class immigration is the special aim and end of this expensive system of elaborate Brazilian puffery in Europe. But the bait is skilfully dressed for higher social classes. Among the aristocracies and gentries of Europe, voyages to Brazil now becoming every day easier and easier, parents should keep a very sharp look-out on susceptible sons. See the temptation held out by Brazilian ladies:—

The sensual passions and instincts in all nations and countries tell of and conceal lamentable acts of giddiness and falls; the burning climate of Brazil should facilitate the increase, or show a greater number of examples of breach of chastity, but the education and character of the Brazilian woman challenge inquiry as to their virtue and correct behaviour, and can bear comparison with any women of the most moral nations.

Intelligent but obedient, sympathetic but chaste, high spirited but yet

* *Notions on the Chorography of Brazil*. By Joaquim Manoel de Macedo. Translated by H. Le Sage. Leipzig: Printed by F. A. Brockhaus. 1873.

Brazilian Colonization, from an European Point of View. By Jacaré Assu. London: E. Stanford. 1873.

restrained; beautiful and vain, yet true to the principles of morality and duty, the Brazilian daughter never entirely detaches herself from her parents, as a wife she ever watches over her love, and even when neglected and unloved, she honours for her honour's sake the name of her husband, and as a mother, words are insufficient to render justice to her sublime qualities,—beyond apogee, the infinite in the imagination of tenderness, of weaknesses, and indulgences, in a word of the unfathomable depths of maternal love.

The valour and prowess of the great Brazilian army and navy equal in wonder the merits of Brazilian women. The naval officers especially shine:—

They have already given proofs of what they can do and are worth in struggling against tempests, and in the agonies of shipwreck; they have already shone as fearless and most distinguished, in the horrid blaze of fire, which they have known how to fight against; and the best and the brightest of their blazonry, beardless heroes in the last war have already given to Brazil admirable examples of inextinguishable bravery, of conquerors and of sublime martyrdom. One of them, the young, almost child—Greenhaigh was killed whilst embracing and defending the national flag; if others of the same school did not imitate him in the grandeur of his fall, they knew how to equal him in stupendous acts of bravery, and there was not a single one who failed in the heroism, and, at times, the temerity of his colleagues, companions and brothers. . . . There is no patriotic exaggeration in this opinion; let who will study and question, the spirit and frank expansion of feelings in the young naval officer, as well as in the simple sailor, and in those of the soldiers of the army of Brazil, and he will acknowledge that both sailors and soldiers tolerate the hypothesis of equality; but they do not admit the superiority of valor, of constancy, and of martial daring.

It can be set down only to the simplicity of a young nation or to much experience of the gullibility of senile Europe that Brazilian Administrations can continue in the belief that such transparent balderdash as the above can have any convincing effect.

It is a relief to turn from such egregious nonsense to the truth-telling little work of Jacaré Assu, a fantastic pseudonym assumed by a very clever, accomplished, and well-informed English writer. This gentleman rips open with a scalping-knife Brazilian puffs and pretensions. He is an ironical writer:—

Brazil has been contemplated so often from the rosy point of view; people paid and unpaid have at various times been so fulsomely mendacious on her account; placards, newspapers, guide-books, and itineraries have contained such startling paragraphs—often under the hand of those who ought to have known better—about the marvellous fertility of the empire and the exceptional advantages it offers, that a little sober truth becomes more than ever necessary. If the advantages of Brazil, its balmy climate, its deep soil, its mineral wealth, its warm reception of emigrants, its rigid adherence to contracts, its sound institutions, and the affinities of its people for things and minds Teutonic, were left to spread their light by the radiating force of truth alone; if the importation of whites was restricted to facilitating the transit and establishment of those who followed that natural attraction which the means of wealth and happiness necessarily exercise upon the poor and miserable—without official meddling, subsidizing, or puffing—if these were the conditions of the movement, then there would, indeed, be nothing to say against it. But would it then ever take place at all? As far as regards the English agricultural labourer, I think we may answer, "Never."

Jacaré Assu gives an exhaustive account of the sad experiences of Brazilian colonization from every nation of Europe—from the very beginning, with Swiss, fifty-six years ago, to the last deplorable English adventures of 1872. It is a collection of terrible tales of false representations, broken promises, violated contracts, governmental mismanagement and cruelty, pestilential climate, and barren or scanty soil, where health and fertility have been positively promised, and of the sickness and death of a long succession of heartlessly deluded dupes. The writer is anonymous, but internal evidence shows his mastery of the subject; and confirmation is fully given by official Reports lately published, received from the British Minister and British Consuls in Brazil. The success of some German colonies in the southernmost province of Brazil, Rio Grande do Sul, where the climate is temperate, is explained by its climatic advantages, and by the perseverance of the German immigrants, in spite of ill-treatment and every sort of discouragement, until they have made themselves a power in the province which cannot be despised and must be respected. The Germans are now nearly fifty thousand strong in the province of Rio Grande do Sul. The future of these German settlements in that one province, says our author, "is the most hopeful in all that dark calendar of error, recklessness, and speculation." There are resemblance and affinity between Germans and German-Swiss. Both the German and Swiss Governments have been compelled to send out missions of inquiry into the grievances of their colonizing subjects, and have received deplorable accounts of hard treatment and misery. Herr von Tschudi, the Swiss Envoy, reported in 1860 that Swiss colonists in the province of Espírito Santo had met with "endless knaveries, violence, injustice, and lies." Herr Haupt, German Consul in Rio, described in 1867 the German colonists of San Paulo as "irremediably enslaved, notwithstanding the many sacrifices made by the European communities to which they belonged, to effect their liberation from their contracts." In 1862 the German Government, exercising a paternal authority, prohibited German emigration. We quote again from Jacaré Assu:—

In 1863 we find the German envoy in Brazil journeying to San Leopoldo to endeavour to obtain a settlement of the long-standing complaints of the colonists with respect to the measurement of their land—late justice, which he seems by the co-operation of the Central Government to have succeeded in procuring; and, finally, in recent days, we hear of the Federal Government of Germany warning its people through the columns of the *Staats-Anzeiger* against contract colonization schemes lately set on foot by the provincial governments of San Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul. . . . What the Brazilians paid for in money and loss of reputation, Germany substituted

in flesh and blood, making a heavy bill against the horde of paid puffers, agents, *recrutadores*, speculators, and rascally directors. We have seen to what scenes and recriminations the items of this bill gave rise as they occurred. The bitter tone of the German Consul's writings on the subject, though, may be, excessive, speaks for the impression produced on an intelligent man and an advocate of European colonization in a position giving him unusual facilities for judging of the question.

Why should Englishmen, who have before them the choice of large fields of emigration in Canada and Australia, under the protection of their own Government, and with the advantages of their own language, traditions, and religion, fly to a pestilential climate, with strange language, uncongenial customs and institutions, and unsympathetic religion? The laws and customs of Brazil are an interesting study, and of vital interest to persons thinking of becoming Brazilian colonists. Civil marriages are not permitted. All marriages must be accompanied by a religious act, and performed by a clergyman recognized by the Government, who, in the case of a mixed marriage, must be a Roman Catholic priest. A Protestant clergyman in Brazil is a very rare phenomenon. No Roman Catholic clergyman will celebrate a marriage, unless a dispensation has been obtained, except on condition that the children be brought up as Roman Catholics. In the two colonies of Cananea and Assunguy, to which our poor countrymen were lately drafted, there is no clergyman at all, though a clergyman was officially promised. The practical choice then for almost all British colonists in Brazil is between concubinage and marriage by a Roman Catholic priest, on condition of bringing up the children as Roman Catholics. Existing marriages are not safe. In 1861 a Protestant Swiss colonist's wife got tired of her husband, whom she had married in Europe, fell in love with a Brazilian, declared herself a Roman Catholic, and was married to her paramour by a Roman Catholic priest, and the Bishop of Rio pronounced the first marriage null and void, and sanctioned the second. Shortly afterwards the Bishop of San Paulo refused to dissolve a Protestant marriage under similar circumstances, where the husband had become a Roman Catholic in order to get rid of his wife and marry a Brazilian woman; but part of his judgment was that it behoved the convert to spare no pains to convert his Protestant wife and bring up his children in the Roman Catholic faith. The sanctity of Protestant marriages is as yet an open question. There being a marriage either previously in Europe or after arrival in Brazil, the laws of the country as to distribution of property give half to the children on the wife's death, without power of dispute by the husband, or, in default of children, give half to the wife's relations. On the father's death the Brazilian Court of Orphans takes charge of the property for the children. On this point Jacaré Assu is worth hearing:—

Not only the fate of orphans, but all matters of succession to the property of a dead colonist, are, of course, by right in the hands of the local authorities, subject alike to Brazilian law and Brazilian loitering. In Petropolis the tact of the late German Consul had created a happy exception; by an affable, intelligent understanding with the native officials, based on a knowledge of character, he kept the practical management of most cases of succession among his countrymen in his own hands. . . . It has been often and justly remarked that a very imperfect code promptly administered with impartiality and uniformity is better than any superior legislation applied by vacillating and dilatory hands. It is not alone in cases of inheritance that the foreigner will meet with opportunities of verifying the truth of this statement in Brazil. . . . A lawyer of the capital once told me that he had been more than a year endeavouring to recover the small sum of 3*l.* for a client. A case came under my notice of an immigrant kept nearly three months in prison on a charge of threatening, and then dismissed for want of evidence; of an Englishman charged with assault, and only brought to trial after ten months; of another committed on suspicion of robbery, and not brought to trial after nine months.

Let us return for a moment before we conclude to the puffing "Chorography" with which we began. The colonies of Cananea and Assunguy, of which so many of our countrymen have been lately victims, and which have been in existence from ten to fourteen years, and are yet without roads to the ports respectively fifteen and eighty-four miles distant, are thus complacently described by the patriotic Brazilian:—

Faults of administration, which the Government is endeavouring to correct, have hindered the development of the colonial nucleus [Cananea], which will certainly prosper once rid of that drawback, more especially when endowed with the road which to the extent of 23 kilometres will tend to connect it with its respective port. . . .

Colonization continues, and will continue, but what the province of San Paulo, and those which follow to the south ought to hope for, is the spontaneous immigration of the Europeans of the North and of the South, who without dispute will evidently encounter here a much better Europe than their own, by reason of its temperate climate so beneficial and the fruitfulness of its soil. . . .

Yet with still a little more favour, a little more patient solicitude, a few more sacrifices, which will be as it were seed most advantageously sown, and the development in project, and already set on foot for the construction of good and extensive roads, will give to the magnificent but hitherto poorly appreciated province [Assunguy] a very numerous European immigration, which cannot fail to resort to a territory so rich, so fertile, with a climate so favourable and mild, so extensive as to enable tens of thousands of laborious families easily to become proprietors of lands, the very fertile soil of which offers health, long life, freedom, and opulence.

Whatever the advantages for Brazil, or whatever magnificence may be in store for her "poorly appreciated" provinces, we can only hope that so more of the seed sown will be lives of British subjects.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

"TO do the English justice," says the Citizen of the World, "their publications in general aim at mending either the heart or improving the common weal. The dullest writer talks of virtue, and liberty, and benevolence with esteem; tells his true story, filled with good and wholesome advice; warns against slavery, bribery, or the bite of a mad dog, and dresses up his little useful magazine of knowledge and entertainment at least with a good intention." True as this was a hundred years ago, it is scarcely less true now, in spite of the dullest writers of all—the sensational novelists. But more especially is it true of the writers of those Christmas books who, with the turn of a year, have again in all their hosts come forward to claim our notice, and, like the bride at the altar, to ask to be given away. The author who talks of virtue talks of it with quite as much esteem, and possibly with quite as much self-esteem; wraps up the same good and wholesome advice in a history, so mixing the two together that, like a powder in a jam, the one cannot be enjoyed without the other being at the same time swallowed. Though we have still in our tales and magazines recipes given against the bite of a mad-dog, and indeed against any chance that can befall any one, from an unexpected offer of marriage to the arrival of a casual guest when there is nothing but cold mutton in the house, yet against bribery (in these blessed days of Balloting) and slavery warnings are not given, as warnings surely are not required. Happily other matters have arisen to take their place, so that the warners are not left without a theme, or the mad-dog without a fellow. One party has in well-selected texts a famous recipe against the errors of Ritualism, leading as they do to Rome; and another party has a no less famous recipe in the authority of the Church against the errors of Evangelicalism, leading as they do to dreary Dissent. Each party dresses up its little magazine at least with a good intention, and shows that in its ranks alone is to be found a prosperous piety. Then, too, we have another host of writers who are more moral than theological, and who would teach us that in punctuality, in early rising, or ginger-beer drinking, true happiness lies. Besides these three great parties, who only care to amuse so that they may at the same time instruct, we have others who only instruct so far as it is necessary to justify serious people in being amused; while we have a few—but a very few indeed—who have never thought for a moment that it is their duty to be their brother's keeper, and who, careless of making him wiser and better, care only about making him merrier. There is, again, another set of books—the largest set, perhaps, of all—that are written neither chiefly to edify, nor to improve, nor to instruct, nor to amuse, but to be given away. The time of the year has again come round when every one who is not utterly brutalized begins to get ready to make a present to every one else. At first sight it would seem that a good deal of trouble would be saved if each person made the present to himself, as the result in the long run would be just the same. But then we must not forget that so blessed is the act of giving that it hallows even the republication of engravings, somewhat worn though the blocks may be, that have long ago appeared in some *Keepsake* or in the *Art Journal*. Our criticism of such works as these shall be as gentle as honesty will allow, for we are coming to that season of the year when "no planets strike," and no critics too, "so hallowed and so gracious is the time." It is, we suspect, quite as much on the kindly feeling and the geniality which then abound, as on the passion for making presents, that authors most rely when they choose the wintry season for starting their new ventures. "Books," as Mr. Fudge the publisher says, "have their time as well as cucumbers. I would no more bring out a new work in summer than I would sell pork in the dog-days. Nothing in my way goes off in summer, except very light goods indeed. A review, a magazine, or a sessions paper may amuse a summer reader; but all our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade." He goes on to add, as we think one or two of our modern publishers would say with him, "It is not my way to cry up my own goods; but without exaggeration I will venture to show with any of the trade; my books, at least, have the peculiar advantage of being always new; and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunk-makers every season." By the way, the trunk-makers nowadays are not quite so well treated. Certain books take a good many seasons to clear off. However, as the publisher is very careful not to put the date on the title-page, they have, though old, the peculiar advantage of passing as always new. Such books as these, however, whenever we detect them, we shall leave to take care of themselves. For the rest we shall be ready, if they have any merits, to praise them in much the same way as was praised the Roman general of old:—*Multe etiam ut in homine Romano literæ*. No small literary merit considering that it is a Christmas book.

A *Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters* (Ohatto and Windus). Though all that is worth anything in this volume is merely a republication, yet it is, in some ways, the most interesting of the Christmas books that have as yet come before our notice. "It consists," to quote the editor's preface, "of a reproduction of the Portraits and Groups originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830-38, under the title of 'A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters,' and of the biographic-critical sketches by which these were accompanied." The portraits are all believed to have been the production of Maclise, while the accompanying notices were, with a very few exceptions, written by Dr. Maginn. Maclise's sketches, though they are "tinged with caricature," are full

of vigour and individuality and life. They bring home to us the famous writers of forty years ago far better than all the portraits that adorn the fly-leaves of all their works. While Maginn's writing is often very clever and full of humour, yet it is quite as often disgraced by a scurrility at which happily the present generation, on this side of the Atlantic at least, will stand aghast. The political bitterness of those Reform Bill days is brought out in a most striking manner in this book. The New York papers, though they have none of Maginn's wit and learning to give a kind of sweetness to their scurrility, are certainly not more scurrilous or more unscrupulous than was this writer in the respectable and Tory *Fraser*. The attack on Miss Martineau is as indecent and as brutal a piece of writing as we remember ever to have read. If it was disgraceful of Maginn to write it, and of *Fraser* to publish it, it is by no means creditable to the editor of this volume (Mr. William Bates, B.A., Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham) to have republished it. A woman who has done Miss Martineau's good work might have expected that she would not have the dirt that was cast upon her in her youth raked up once more to be cast upon her in her old age, when she was weighed down with years and broken in health. Mr. Bates says, indeed, that she has twice refused a pension "when failing health rendered literary exertion impossible and pecuniary anxieties were impending," and refused it "on the ground that acceptance was inconsistent with her expressed opinions on the subject of taxation." This, he goes on to add, "must gain our respect, even in face of her erroneous notions as to the metaphysical nature of a Deity." He would have done better if he had either not republished a scurrilous libel or else had spared his praises. How his part in this work has been done we can show in a very brief space. Maclise had drawn Campbell smoking a long pipe and Lockhart a cigar, and Maginn writes, "It will be seen by a reference to our plate of Campbell, that the *New Monthly* and the *Quarterly* take different sides on the question, the former patronizing a pipe, the latter a cigar." Mr. Bates puts this harmless sentence through what we may be allowed to call a Brummagem rolling-mill and brings it out as follows:—"As we have just had Campbell inhaling solace through the somewhat plebeian conduit of a 'Brosely,' so do we now find Lockhart making use of that later and elegant device by which mediate fumigation is rendered needless, and the convoluted weed made to serve as its own pipe."

The *Masterpieces of Sir Robert Strange* (Bentley and Son). In this handsome volume we have "a selection of twenty of Sir Robert Strange's most important engravings reproduced in permanent photography." The photographs are admirably executed, and do all that photography can do to bring within the reach of large numbers some of the greatest works of this great English engraver. The accompanying memoir by Mr. Francis Woodward is fairly interesting, though written perhaps in rather too big words.

Walter Crane's New Toy Book (Routledge). Though the title of this work is not correct, for some of the pictures we have seen before, yet what is old is so good that it is quite worthy of republication; and what is new is in sufficient quantities to go far to justify the name. The drawings are for the most part very spirited and very amusing, as unlike as can be to the gaudy pictures which are far too commonly thought quite good enough for those whose taste has yet to be cultivated. We hardly like, however, the drawing of the robber in Ali Baba who is peeping out of the jar, lifting up the lid with his head. The remembrance of his face would, with a sensitive child, greatly increase the terrors of darkness.

Feathers and Fairies, by the Hon. Augusta Bethell (Griffith and Farran). These are very pretty little stories, and well suited to children who are old enough to read easily, and young enough to read with the greatest pleasure when they are hidden away in some quiet corner, or coiled up on some sunny window-seat.

Great African Travellers, by William H. G. Kingston (Routledge). Mr. Kingston has done well in giving a full account of the travels of some seven or eight of the chief explorers of Africa, instead of giving, as so many compilers would have done, short sketches of every one who has written about Egypt, from Moses and Herodotus to Mr. Stanley. The book will be found interesting and full of information, and while it is written no doubt chiefly for boys, might be read with pleasure by their elders. The introductory chapter, however, is by no means so clear or so accurate as it ought to have been. Mr. Kingston, if we do not mistake him, seems to think that we took Cape Colony from the Dutch before Bruce explored Abyssinia. If compilers of history would give the date of each event which they mention, they would keep themselves and their readers from many errors. It was not, moreover, Sir John, but Sir Joseph Banks, who was one of the founders of the African Association.

Our British Portrait Painters. Sixteen illustrations, with descriptive and historical notices, by Edmund Ollier (Virtue and Co.). While most of the engravings in this handsome volume would be found interesting by all, and while each one of them would be found interesting by many, yet we are a good deal surprised at the curious medley that is made when they are brought together. It is not likely, for instance, that any one who greatly admired Mr. Sant's picture of the "Royal Sisters" would care much for Hogarth's "Portrait of Garrick and his Wife." However, perhaps it is thought advisable that these "Portrait Galleries" like a pedlar's basket, should have in them something suited to every taste. The engravings, though not new, are well executed. Mr. Ollier has done his part of the work with discretion.

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume, edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (Bell and Sons). This volume of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, the last literary work that its amiable editor was to live to do, in no wise falls short of the earlier numbers. It is written in simple language, and deals with simple things. Unlike some other of these Christmas Annuals, it does not seek for a large sale by gratifying any unhealthy taste. The young people who have with pleasure read its pages, and who have taken part in the good work in the Children's Hospital which it has so steadily and so warmly advocated, will feel that this Christmas they have one kind friend less in the world.

Those who have not as yet had enough of Jules Verne's extravagances of travel will find two new stories provided for them in his *From the Earth to the Moon* (translated from the French by Louis Mercier, M.A., and Eleanor King) and the *Fur Country* (translated by N. d'Anvers), both published by Sampson Low and Co. Happily for authors, each year sees a new crop of readers spring up. The child who last year had only eyes for pictures can this year spell out an easy tale in small words but big letters, and the year after will have become a rapid story reader. So that M. Jules Verne and writers like him need not be afraid that their readers, like the critics, will have had enough of their humorous exaggerations.

The *Stately Homes of England*, by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., and S. C. Hall, F.S.A. (Virtue and Co.) The two hundred and ten engravings on wood with which this work is illustrated are in every way worthy of the narrative, and the narrative is in every way worthy of the engravings, and, both taken together, they are in every way worthy of being given away. Whether they are equally worthy of the Stately Homes which they set forth we shall prefer to leave "to the true nobility of their owners" to decide.

Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story Book, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, (Sampson Low and Co.) Some of these stories of life in the United States are pretty enough and some even are touching. Yet Miss Phelps does all she can to spoil what she can do well by her jerky and disjointed style of writing. She brings in names of people and of places, and gives no explanation as to who or what they are. Moreover she delights in phrases which may be very good American, but are very bad English.

A Manual of Domestic Economy, by J. R. Walsh, F.R.C.S. (Routledge). This is a new edition, carefully revised, of Mr. Walsh's well-known work. It is a sign of the times that "the lowest range of income to which the book extends has been raised from 100*l.* to 150*l.* a year, while the highest is now 1,500*l.*, instead of 1,000*l.*" While the book certainly contains a great deal of information, and enters very fully, among other matters, into all that relates to the healthiness of a house, we are surprised to find no signs in this revised edition that the author is acquainted with that exact and most important knowledge which has been accumulated by the officers of the Medical Department of the Local Government Board in reference to the purity of the water in the house-cistern, the proper arrangements for sinks, and the ventilation of the drain-pipes. While thousands of lives are lost yearly through the ignorance of architects and builders, in a book like this it should have been brought home to heads of families by the plainest directions how, by the expenditure of a very few pounds, two great inlets to diphtheria and typhoid fever might at once and for ever be closed.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual (Routledge). Some of the stories in this Annual would be a great deal better if they were written in far simpler language. We trust that the somewhat arrogant title to which it lays claim is scarcely correct, as, if this is really *Every Boy's Annual*, we may expect in the course of a few years to find the *Daily Telegraph* *Every Man's Newspaper*. On the first page we have a picture of the death of Admiral Byng, and the beginning of a story by Lieutenant Low. Byng was very harshly treated, no doubt, but it was scarcely necessary, in showing how ill-used an English admiral was, to ill-use the English language at the same time. What a full course of athletic sports will in time do for boys we do not know, but we trust that they have not yet come quite so low as to read with pleasure such language as the following:—"In this category of bells I do not allude to such humble productions of human ingenuity as the household implements which lie in rows in the basement floors of all modern houses; though, doubtless, were the tongues of many such to give utterance to their feelings, they could tell some unpleasant truths of the opinions of 'their betters,' freely ventilated by the servant-kind, who 'live and move and have their being' in the kitchen, and the regions that 'thereunto adjacent lie.'" Mercutio, by the way, at his loosest, finds himself in these quotations in somewhat strange company.

Leslie's Songs for Little Folks, by Henry Leslie (Cassell and Co.) This is a collection of pretty little songs, set to very pretty airs. We hope that some day Mr. Leslie will allow a cheap edition of these songs to be published, so that the Little Folk of our elementary schools may have a chance of coming within the refining influence of such music as his.

Professor Pepper—what, by the way, is the scientific definition of a professor?—sends us four manuals entitled *Science Simplified* (Warne and Co.) He treats of chemistry, light, magnetism, and electricity. Though these are popular treatises, yet happily they show none of that carelessness which is so common in treatises written for the people. Professor Pepper knows his subject thoroughly, and has the art of putting it in such a way that his readers may know it too.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE opened Mr. Gilpin's work on the *Mission of the North American People** with much interest, and in the anticipation of finding in it much instruction and practical information. The high position which the writer has held in that which may be called with greater propriety than Pennsylvania—in reference to geography at any rate, and to future, if not present, politics—the "Keystone State" of the Union, the very considerable reputation which he enjoys among his neighbours and fellow-citizens, and his connexion with the early history of the territory and organization of the State of Colorado, led us to anticipate from him a work which would lead in a practical temper with practical facts, and perhaps exhibit in a rational light the grounds of the extravagant hopes and the less commonly expressed anxieties with which the statesmen and thinkers of the Union contemplate the future of their country. Instead of this, we have what may be described as a geographical rhapsody; an attempt to establish from the geological formation and physical characteristics of the American continent the destiny of the United States, in the sense in which that phrase is used by Fourth of July declaimers. For example, because the formation of North America is alleged to be concave—that is, because on either side the two great mountain chains or lines run near the coasts, and the central portion of the Continent is broken by no insurmountable geographical barriers like the Himalayas, the Alps, or the Ural Mountains—it is destined to be for all time the possession, not only of a single race, but of a single empire. Mr. Gilpin ignores all the political considerations, all the distinctions of interest and character produced by situation and climate, which are nowadays so much more powerful than so-called natural frontiers in dividing nations. He forgets that slavery was not the only cause of alienation between the pure English people of the South, with the addition of Louisiana's French and Spanish blood, and the mixed population of the West, with the dominant Puritanism of New England modifying its ideas and controlling its policy. He refuses to see that nowadays mere mountain-ranges and water-channels can be crossed with almost equal ease, while race distinctions and opposing interests present greater obstacles to amalgamation than was ever the case before; or that the admixture of negroes in the South and of Chinese on the Pacific coast, with the opposite interests of the maritime and manufacturing East, the agricultural West, the mining group to which his own State belongs, and the Pacific States looking Asia-wards, as well as the wholly separate tendencies and feelings of the South, may divide America quite as effectually as the great central plains of Europe have been divided between Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and Russians. The valley of the Mississippi must, in his view, be inhabited by a single race, and ruled from a single centre; and the valley of the Mississippi includes the whole Union between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, if not Canada and the North also; and to this empire the two coast-lines—each of them larger than most Old-World monarchies—must, from their situation, be mere appendages. There is much that is very curious in his speculations upon the influence of isothermal lines in directing the course of settlement; much that is yet more entertaining in his ideas about the distribution of the precious metals, masses of which he supposes to lie, unmixed or nearly so, underneath the mountain-sides where miners are now digging out the tiny flakes they have left behind in settling down thither, just as rice leaves tiny particles floating in the water wherein it has been boiled, after the mass has settled to the bottom. His notions are illustrated by maps which are by no means without a value of their own. But neither these geographical and geological dreams, nor the absence of the political reflections we should have expected from the man whose political aptitude was shown in so adjusting the boundaries of Colorado as to make her a link between the Pacific and the Central States, which could hardly separate without tearing her in sunder, tend to give the work any real value as an illustration of the probable future of America. It is one of those eccentric rhapsodies which are often produced on paper by men who have shown no little practical capacity, elevated by the very tendencies which here find vent into something like political genius when confronted with the limited problems of practical administration.

Dr. Scadding's *Toronto of Old*† contains a good deal of curious and interesting information regarding the early history and actual monuments of a place which has risen within a century from the rank of a French trading post to that of a provincial capital of the Canadian Dominion. It is also replete with anecdotes, historical and personal, very characteristic of colonial life in its various stages, from the first advance into the wilderness down to the combination of old-world civilization with the abundance and roominess of a new country which characterizes Canada and Australia at present. But the enormous size of a volume which deals only with a single century and a single town is deterrent to ordinary readers. Even the most patriotic citizens of Toronto will, we fear, be rather proud of the book as a literary monument to the honour of their city than inclined to read it through; and

* *Mission of the North American People, Geographical, Social, and Political*. Illustrated by Six Charts, delineating the Physical Architecture and Thermal Laws of all the Continents. By William Gilpin, late Governor of Colorado. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Toronto of Old: Collections and Recollections illustrative of the Early Settlement and Social Life of the Capital of Ontario*. By Henry Scadding, D.D. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. London and New York: Routledge & Sons. 1873.

to Englishmen the notion of reading a volume of nearly six hundred pages concerning the capital of Upper Canada is hardly likely to occur as a serious possibility.

Professor Hadley's Lectures on Roman Law*, though necessarily somewhat elementary in their character, and though the law with which they deal is of course that of a period long subsequent to the date of the latest literature studied as classical at our schools and universities, may well be recommended to the attention of all students who wish to understand ordinary Roman histories or Latin authors. They trace the later *jus civile* back to its earliest origin; they show the changes which gradually took place, both as facts of legal and as incidents of political history; they explain the manner in which the edicts of the successive Prætors introduced a sort of Roman equity by a process not wholly unlike that by which our own Chancellors gradually superseded the antique feudalism which pervaded our common law; and they present a view of the method and spirit of the earliest Roman jurisprudence, as well as of its gradual development, more simple, clear, and coherent than schoolboys or undergraduates can easily gather from the best histories and dictionaries within their reach. The book is so free from technicality, so lucid and terse in its expositions, and so interesting to those who really care to understand that law which is so remarkable and so prominent a feature of Roman history, that no boy in the upper forms of our great schools will have any difficulty in understanding it, or will be disposed to repent the time he has given to its study; while it contains enough to make it a very suitable manual for the earlier studies of undergraduates who may intend afterwards to master the *corpus juris civilis* at first hand, or at any rate to obtain a more thorough knowledge of it than could be given to the law class of Yale in a course of twelve lectures.

The *Medical Jurisprudence* of Wharton and Stillé† is far too large a work to be recommended to any student of law or medicine who cannot make it the chief part of his reading in that particular subject; and this, we fear, it can never be to Englishmen, owing to the very considerable differences between English and American law. In truth, however often judges on both sides of the Atlantic may repeat the old dicta on the subject, the practical law of insanity, as now administered by juries, is a growth of the years which have elapsed since the separation between the two countries, and its development in each has been distinct and independent. Still, American and English common sense tend to much the same conclusions; English decisions are quoted in the courts of each State with more respect perhaps than those of courts in the next State; and American jurists do not hold a widely different language from our own. But in any case a young barrister having no briefs, no examination to cram for, and plenty of leisure, will gain much by a careful study of the first of these three volumes—"Wharton On Insanity"—and especially of the preface, in which the fundamental principle of the American law of insanity is expounded. Most, if not all, American States recognize two degrees of murder, according as it is with or without real (not constructive) premeditation. Now, partial insanity, or what our "mad doctors" call "irresistible moral impulse," does not exempt a man from all penalty for murder; but it is regarded as rendering him incapable of that intelligent premeditation which is essential to murder in the first degree, and saves him from capital punishment. The body of the work develops this idea—incapacity of premeditation—through the whole list of crimes and the various forms of temporary or abiding insanity. It deserves to be noted that in America (we presume, from Dr. Wharton's language, in all the States) drunkenness, when so frequent that a jury finds it "habitual," is equally with actual insanity a ground for issuing a Commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, and, in case of conviction, depriving the drunkard of the control of his property and even of his liberty; and Dr. Wharton appears to imagine that the same is the case in England—at least his language seems to bear that interpretation. As regards the invalidation of wills on the allegation of lunacy or imbecility, both the practice and the law of America seem to resemble our own; the law requiring clear proof of mental delusion affecting the subject-matter, or of weakness and undue influence, while in practice almost any "inofficious" will is liable to be set aside by a jury on pretexts which would be wholly disregarded if the will itself were approved.

Another work which touches on legal questions, though in a more popular manner, is Mr. Thompson's *Church and State in the United States*.‡ The writer is unfortunately a man of strong prejudices, which appear both in the historical and the political portions of his work. The former deals with the relations of Church and State before the Revolution; and, while making the most of every charge of persecution that can be alleged against the Episcopalians of Virginia and the two States to the southward, endeavours to palliate or justify the infinitely more atrocious and more systematic severities inflicted by the Pilgrim Fathers—so ridiculously held up to admiration as champions and patterns of religious liberty—upon Quakers, Catholics, Churchmen, and dissentients of

every kind. In the latter part of the volume a similar bias against the Roman Catholics prompts the writer to menace them with the hostility of the Government and of the people, as a Church engaged in a political conspiracy against the Union; the meaning of the charge being that in America, as in our colonies, the Roman Church is a political as well as an ecclesiastical organization, and that the spiritual influence of the hierarchy enables them to direct the Catholic vote in its entirety in favour of any party which will give them what they want. The particular object on which their minds are bent, and to which their influence is devoted, in America, appears to be the extortion of endowments for hospitals, schools, and other institutions of a sectarian character; whereas all the Protestant Churches consent to work together in such matters, and the general policy and practice of the States is altogether anti-sectarian. Mr. Thompson, however, shows that the law of the States is, as a general rule, unfavourable to Churches organized on a plan other than congregational, and vehemently resents the efforts of the Romish hierarchy to evade it. The Churches there are amenable to the civil law just as are non-established sects here; that is, where property is concerned, an appeal always lies to the secular Courts, and their decision is final. Now nearly all American sects hold a great deal of settled property, but this must be held as a rule by the several congregations as incorporated bodies, or by trustees in their name. Thus the endowments of the Episcopal Church are, like those of our own Establishment, parochial, not general or diocesan; and a congregation seceding from the general body would take its endowments with it. To defeat this rule, it is the practice of the Roman Church to make the archbishop, bishop, and priest a majority of the trustees of each several congregation. However, the American Courts pay much regard to the regular decisions of established Church tribunals; and where a majority of an Episcopalian congregation have supported their pastor against a duly authorized sentence of a diocesan court, the law has held that the minority are the real representatives of the original congregation and the beneficiaries of the church trusts. Under a congregational system, the majority would generally be able to modify their creed and yet retain their chapel and its property; as was done under the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, in England, by those Presbyterian Churches which gradually lapsed into Unitarianism. Mr. Thompson's general statements and particular instances will serve to enforce on the more ignorant champions of Liberation the lesson we have often insisted upon in vain—namely, that no disestablishment can liberate a Church possessed of property from the control of the civil law, whose tribunals may even have to pronounce, practically, what is the true interpretation of its original formularies. Instances are even cited in which the State has interposed to protect citizens against the tyrannical enforcement of purely ecclesiastical sentences, such as excommunication. A case analogous to that of Mr. O'Keefe occurred in Michigan, where a Catholic was frightened to death by the spiritual anathemas launched against him for suing his priest for moneys lent for ecclesiastical purposes; and the State Legislature passed a statute imposing a fine of from 200*l.* to 1,000*l.* on any clergyman who should threaten a church member with spiritual penalties for pursuing a civil claim.

Dr. Boyland's narrative of six months spent under the Red Cross* as a volunteer surgeon in the French army is well worth perusal on many accounts. It not only gives a lively sketch of the perils and privations encountered in such a service, and of the horrors of the battle-fields around Metz, and relates a variety of striking anecdotes concerning that memorable campaign, but it bears testimony to the disorders which prevailed both in the military and the hospital service, and contributes new evidence to the general mass of proof which has been steadily accumulating since the close of the war of the indiscipline and almost anarchy which prevailed in the Imperial army after its first defeats. Dr. Boyland also shows in how many cases the Geneva ensign was abused, sometimes by generals, sometimes by those who bore it; now sheltering movements of ammunition from place to place within reach of the enemy's guns, now protecting and securing a free passage for idlers, speculators, or mere plunderers. This being the case, we are not surprised to learn that it came in time to be almost as little respected by the enemy as by those who employed it, that ambulances were sometimes fired on, and surgeons frequently wounded and now and then captured. Only where there is thorough loyalty on both sides, and sufficient chivalry to produce mutual confidence, can a convention neutralizing particular places, persons, and conveyances in the midst of a battle-field or a beleaguered town be really effectual for their protection.

Mrs. Hooker's pamphlet, for it is little more, entitled *Womanhood*†, is a protest by a lady of the strong-minded school in favour of Mr. Mill's wild speculations, and against the Acts which have given so much offence to the shrieking sisterhood. This lady writes with much more temper and decency than most of her sect, and we are willing to believe that in the passages which deal with physiological principles, as well as in those which refer to sanitary legislation, she is chargeable with no worse offence than utter ignorance in the one case, and blind credulity in the other.

* *Introduction to Roman Law*. In Twelve Academical Lectures. By James Hadley, LL.D., late Professor of Greek Literature in Yale College. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Wharton and Stillé's Medical Jurisprudence*. Third Edition. Philadelphia: Tray & Brother. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1873.

‡ *Church and State in the United States; with an Appendix on the German Population*. By Joseph P. Thompson. Boston: Osgood & Co. Berlin: Leonhard Simeon. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

* *Six Months under the Red Cross with the French Army*. By George Halstead Boyland, M.D., ex-Chirurgien de l'armée française. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *Womanhood; its Sanctities and Fidelities*. By Isabella Beecher Hooker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

If she is, as her title-page suggests, a member of the Beecher family, we may congratulate her on having taken so very mildly the infection of recklessness and bad taste which is associated with the name.

*The Perfect Horse** is a treatise on horse-breeding, from the American point of view, which differs somewhat from the European, both in the fact that the ideal horse of the States is a trotter, not a racer, and that pasturage of the best quality is practically unlimited in the States; also, that steam has made more way, at least in the Northern States, in superseding horseflesh for agricultural and travelling purposes.

Buttmann's *Grammar of the New Testament Greek*† is translated, with a good many corrections and additions, from the pen of the author himself, by Mr. J. B. Thayer. We mention this book here, contrary to our usual rule, because it is an authorized translation of an extremely valuable work which might not readily become known to English readers.

Among fictions the *Fair God*‡, a tale intended to describe Mexican life before the Empire of the Aztecs was overthrown, and deriving its plot and motive from the Spanish conquest, the incidents of which are closely interwoven with the story, is really novel, original, and worth reading. *What Can She Do?*§ is a tale of domestic life; the motive in this case being supplied by the sudden reduction to poverty of what we should call, as they would probably call themselves, a "genteel" rather than *gentile* family, whose mother is above all things anxious that her daughters should keep "white hands," unsoiled by work, and does not see that she is plunging them into imminent peril of far worse stains than the hardest toil can leave behind. *South Sea Idylls*||—in prose—is a collection of pretty, fanciful, not wholly natural or probable stories of Tahiti and the Pacific Isles. *The Boy's Book about Indians*¶ is a disappointment; there is a good deal about the Indians in it, but very little of that kind of adventure and enterprise which might make the book really a special possession of "boys." *A Baker's Dozen of Humorous Dialogues*** is a collection of little household comedies, which the children of a single family might well perform to amuse the leisure of their long winter evenings; some of them clever and pointed, none requiring elaborate preparation or "properties."

Saxe's Poetical Works†† are chiefly humorous or comic; and W. D. Howells's verses have a strong flavour of American scenery and character.‡‡ Miss Donnelly has produced half-a-dozen really vigorous and spirited pieces§§—especially those which verify the painful incidents of a civil war—and thrice as many that are weak and second-rate.

* *The Perfect Horse: how to know him, how to breed him, how to train him, how to shoe him, how to drive him.* By William H. H. Murray. With an Introduction by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; and a Treatise on Agriculture and the Horse, by Hon. George B. Loring. Containing Illustrations of the best Trotting Stock-Horses in the United States, done from life, with their Pedigrees, Records, and full Descriptions. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *A Grammar of the New Testament Greek.* By Alexander Buttmann. Authorized Translation, with numerous Additions and Corrections, by the Author. Andover: Warren F. Draper. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *The Fair God; or, the Last of the 'Tzins.* A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By Lew Wallace. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

§ *What Can She Do?* By Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away." "Play and Profit in my Garden." New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co.

|| *South Sea Idylls.* By Charles Warren Stoddard. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

¶ *The Boy's Book about Indians; being what I Saw and Heard for Three Years on the Plains.* By Rev. Edmund B. Tuttle, Post-Chaplain, U.S.A., Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory, 1870. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

** *A Baker's Dozen: Original Humorous Dialogues.* By George M. Baker, Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

†† *The Poems of John Godfrey Saxe.* Complete Edition. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡‡ *Poems.* By W. D. Howells. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§§ *Out of Sweet Solitude.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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